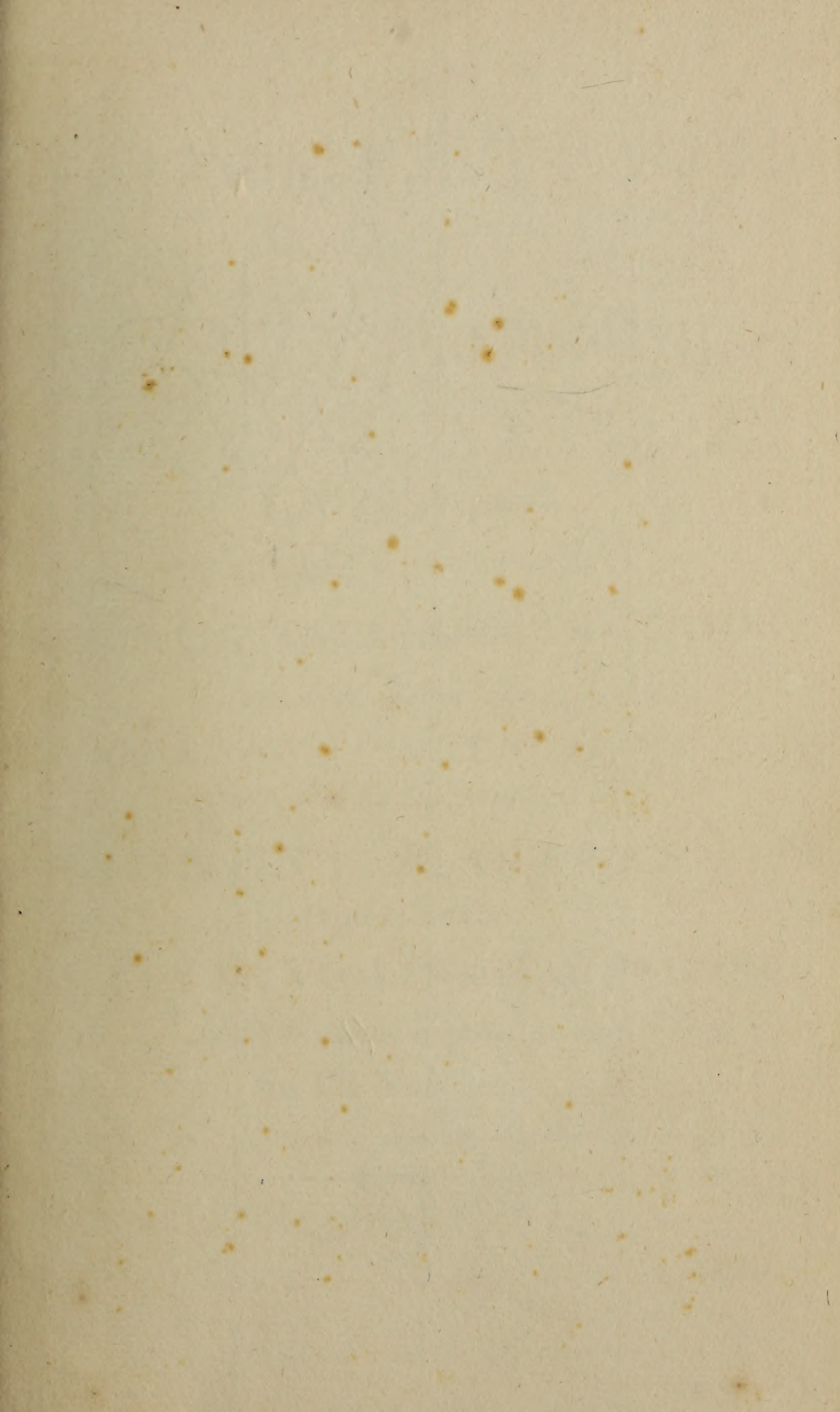
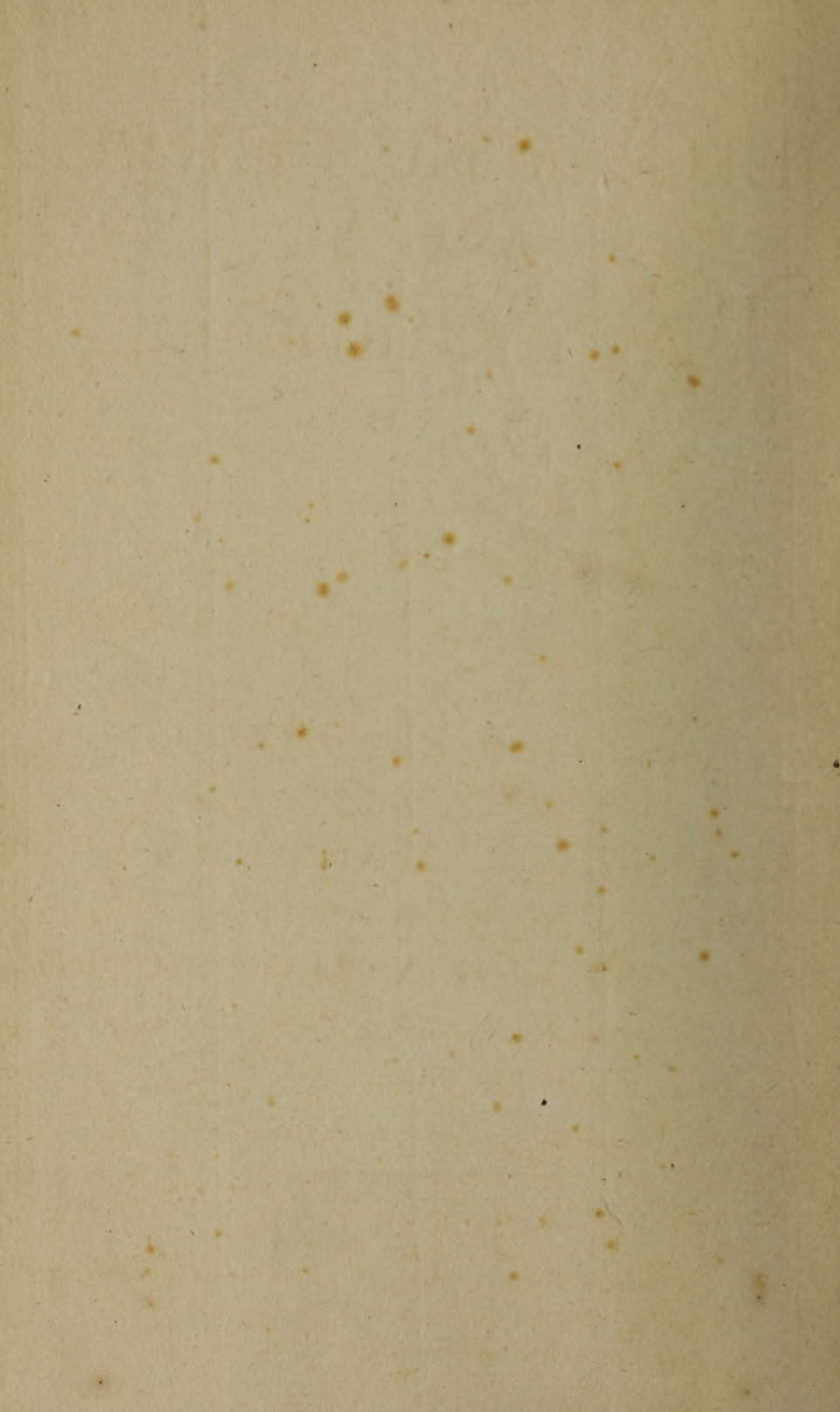


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The Laps of the Mill Sung by Mr. Beard

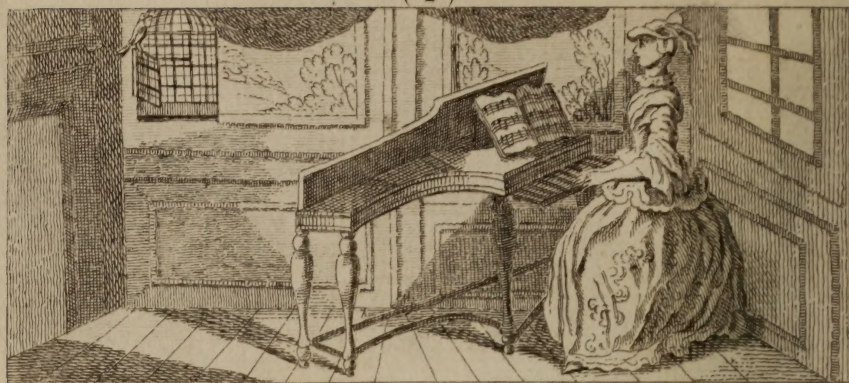
Who has er'ken at Baldock must
needs know of Millard's sign of the Horse at the foot of the Mill Where the grave & the Gay the
Turn and if thou without all distinction from us away go Where the Grave and the
For
Gay the clown & the Beau without all distinction from us away go

The Man of the Mill has a Daughter so Fair
With so pleasing a shape & so winning an Air
That once on the ever green bank as I stood
I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the Wood.

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake
For Venus tho' Fair has the look of a Cake
While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the Laps of the Mill.

Prometheus stole Fire as the Poets all say
To enliven that Mass which he modell'd of clay
Had Polly been with him the beams of her Eyes
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the Skyes.

Since first I beheld this dear Laps of the Mill
I can neer be at quiet but do what I will
All the Day and all Night I wish & think still
I shall dye if I have not this Laps of the Mill.



A Favourite Cantata

Recit

To Handel's pleasing Notes as I do sing the charms of heavenly Liberty a

Gentle bird till then with bondage pleas'd in our painted cell to see his prison broke he

seeks the distant Plain yet ere he flies tunes forth this parting strain

Vanderby *Whist*

to the distant Vale I wing nor wait the slow re

turn of Spring rather in leafless groves to



Set to a Musick by Mr Oswald

dwell then in my thos warmer cell Forgive me

Mistress since by thee I first was taught sweet

Liberty dear liberty forgive me Mistress since by thee I

first was taught sweet Liberty

Soon as I welcome spring shall hear Waste not on me an useless care

With aerial th' armth of drooping bays That kind concern let Stephen share

I'll tell upon the topmost spray

Thy sweeter Notes Improv'd my lay

Whilst in my Prison taught by thee

So warble forth sweet Liberty

Slight are my sorrows slight my ills

To those that he poor captive feels

Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee

Yet strives not for his Liberty



Our Dialogue in Harlequin & Sorcerer

moderately brisk

Dearest Daphne turn thine Eyes I would Day be gins to

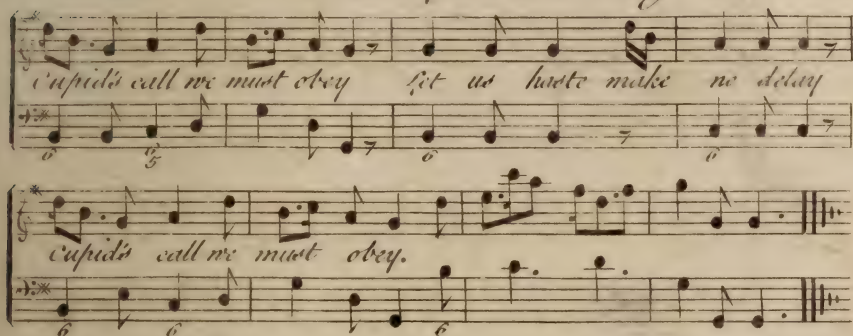
rise See the Morn with Roses crown'd sprinkling Dew drops

on the ground Love In vales to yonder grove where on ly

Lovers dare to rove Let us haste make no delay



Set to Musick by M^r Arne Jun^r



She

Ah Philander I'm Afraid,
There poor Laura was betray'd;
By young Strephon's subtle wiles,
Soothing words & artfull smiles,
Simple Maids are soon undone;
When there simple Hearts are won
(Press me not I must away,
And Honour strict commands obey.

He

Gentle Daphne fear not you
I'll be ev' kind and true
Think no more on Laura's fate
View yon Surtle & its Mate
See how freely they Impart
The Impulse of each others Heart
Like them my Fair lets sport & play
Nature prompts us to obey.

She

Shepherd I perceive your aims
You and Strephon are the same,
You like him woud me betray,
Shoud I trust what e'er you say,

He

If Daphne doubts let Hymens bands,
This Instant Join our willing Hands,
The Invitation I obey,
And Love with Honour will repay.



Harvest Home

Musical score for "Harvest Home". The score is written in 4/4 time and consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come Roger and
 Well come himkin' Bell each Lad with his Luff-huther come with
 Singing & dancing in Measure advancing to celebrate Harvest Home
 As
 As bids play & keep Holiday to celebrate Harvest Home Harvest
 Home Harvest Home to celebrate Harvest Home

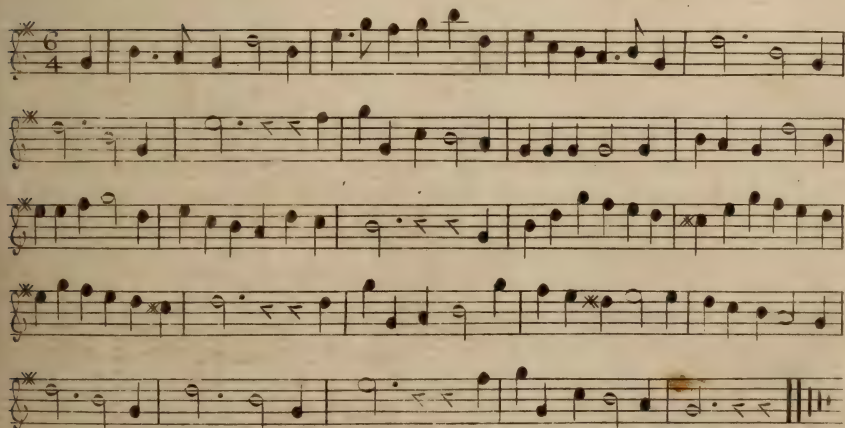


Sung by M^r Lowe in the Sorcerer

*Our Labour is o'er, & our Barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land;
 Let each Man then take for the Broom & the Rake
 His Can and his Case in his hand,
 Chortles for Crows bids Play, &c.*

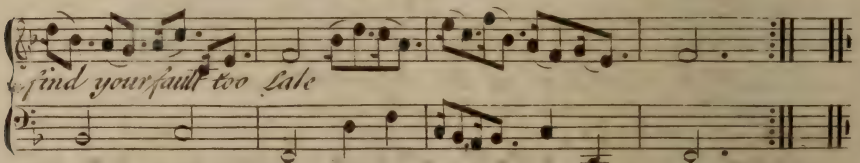
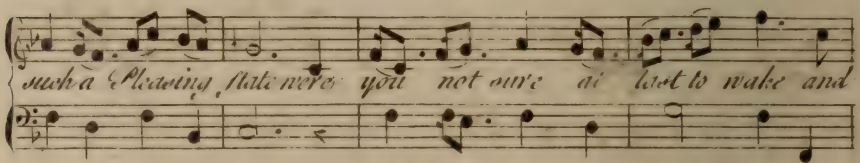
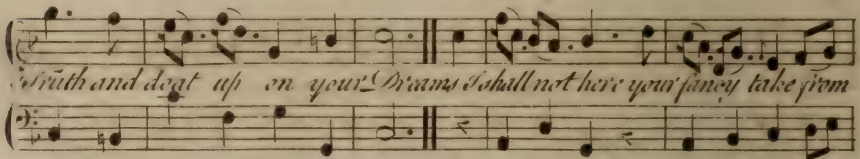
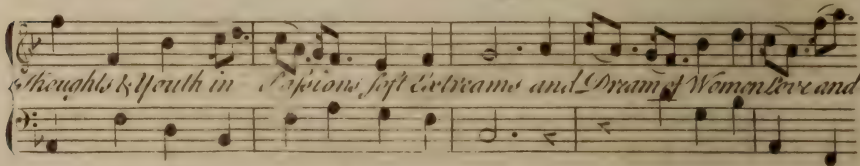
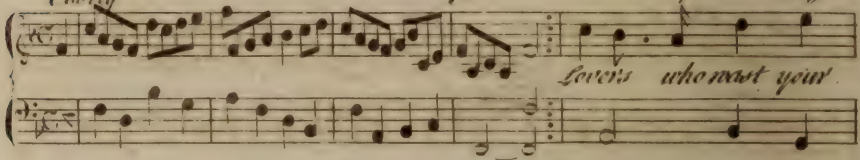
*No Courtiers can be so happy as we,
 In Innocence Pastime & Mirth;
 While thus we Carouse with our sweet-heart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
 Chortles. When Crows bids Play, &c.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Easily *The Warning* *Set by W. Long*

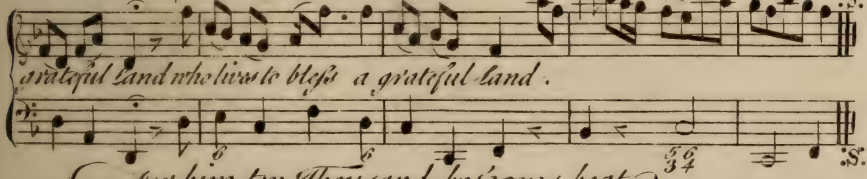
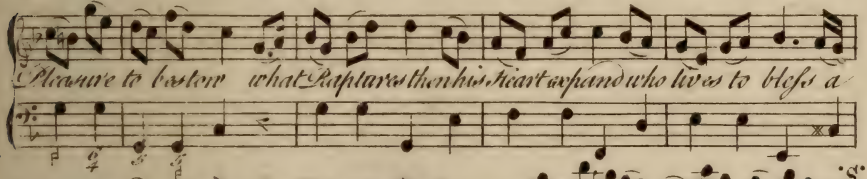
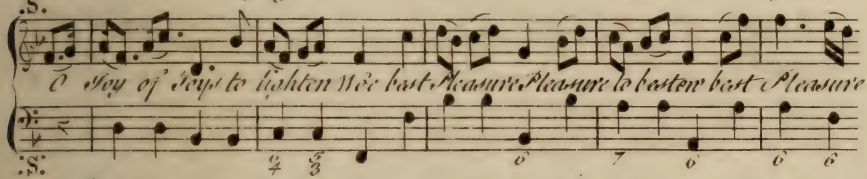
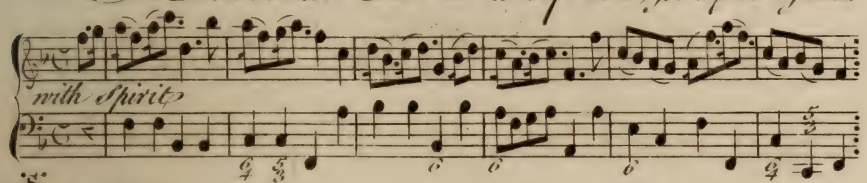


Then learn betimes if Love which crowns
Our Carer is all but Wiles,
Compos'd of false & fantastick Frowns,
And soft descending smiles,
With danger which sometimes they gain,
They cruel Tyrants prove,
And then turn Maltreaters again,
With us affected Love?

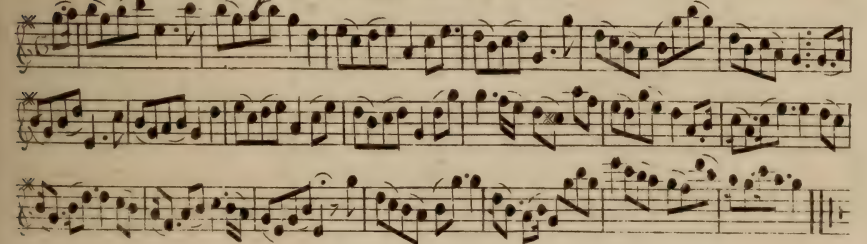
As if some injury were meant,
To those they kindly Used,
Those lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd,
Since each has in his bosom nurs'd,
(A false and fawning foe),
To just & wise by striking first,
To grasp the fatal Blow.



A Favourite Air in Alfred set by Mr Oswald

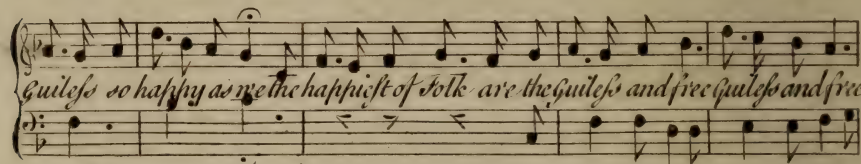
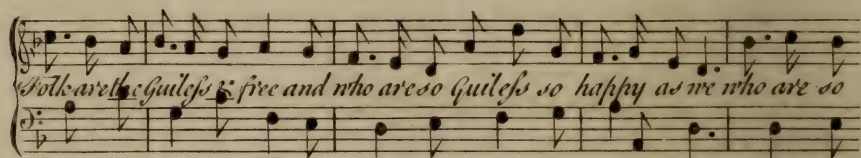
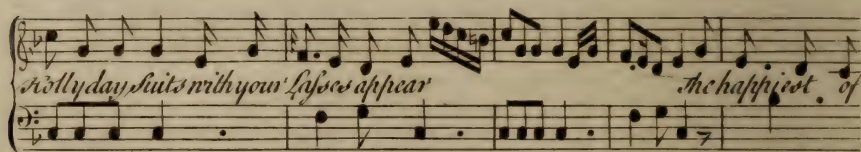
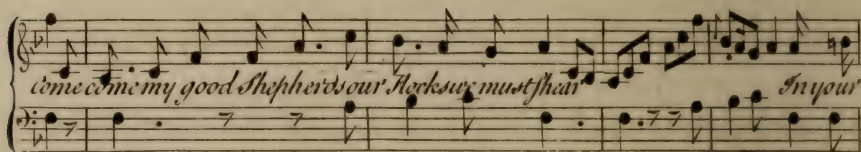
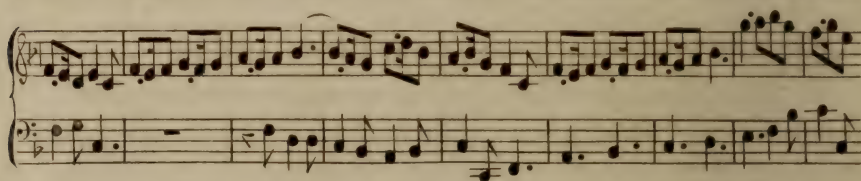
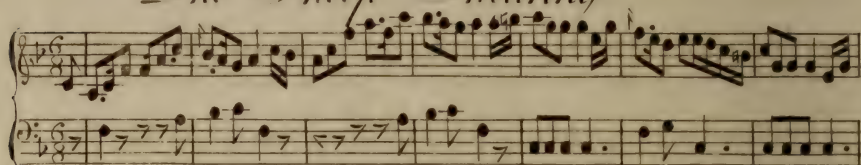


*For him ten Thousand bosoms beat
His name consenting Crowds repeat;
From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,
And Subjects kindle into Sons.*



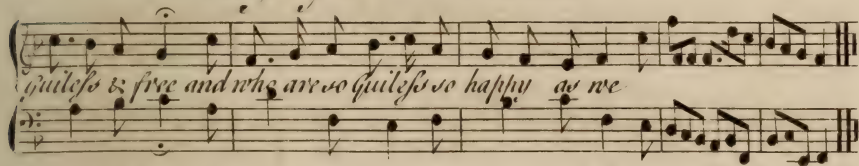


The Sheep Shearing





Sung by. M^{rs} Cibber

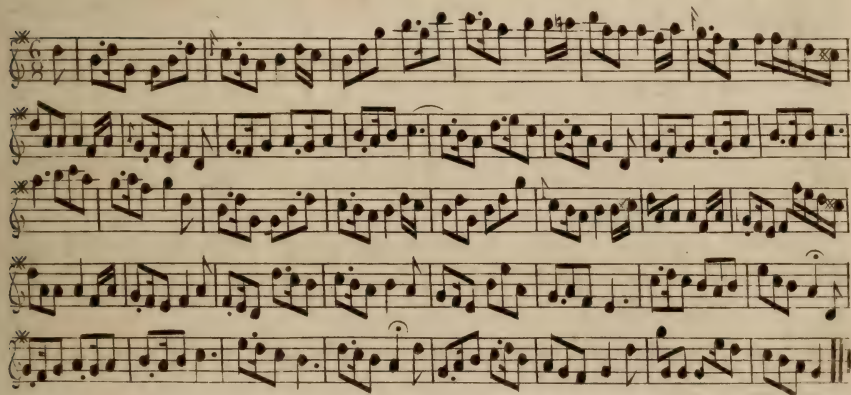


*We harbour no Passions by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with ostentatious Fraught,
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.*

*By mode & Caprice are the City-Damoz led
But we as the children of nature are bred;
By her Kinds alone, we are painted and drest,
For the Roses will bloom when there's peace in y^e breast.*

*That Giant Ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low, for we rest y^e Head,
Content & sweet Chearfulness open our Door,
They smile with the simple, & feed with the poor.*

*When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal,
Like the Hocks that we seed, are the passions we feel,
So harmless & simple, we sport, & we play,
And leave to fine Folk, to deceive and betray.*





Damon and Morella

Moderately

Cast my Love thine Eyes around See the Sportive lambskins play Nature
 gayly decks the Ground all in Honour of the May. Nature gayly
 decks the Ground all in Honour of the May
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove Listen
 to the Voice of Love Like the Sparrow and the



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

Hear Listen listen to the Voice of Love Listen to the

Voice of Love

6 4 3 6 5 6 6 4 6 5 6

Florella

*Damon thou hast found me long
 Listening to thy soothing Tale,
 And thy soft persuasive Song,
 Often held me in the Dale &
 Take O Damon while I live,
 All which Virtue ought to give.*

Damon

*Not the Verdure of the Grove
 Nor the Garden's fairest Flowers
 Nor the Meads where Lovers rove
 Tempted by the Vernal Hours
 Can Delight thy Damons Eye
 If Florella is not by.*

Florella

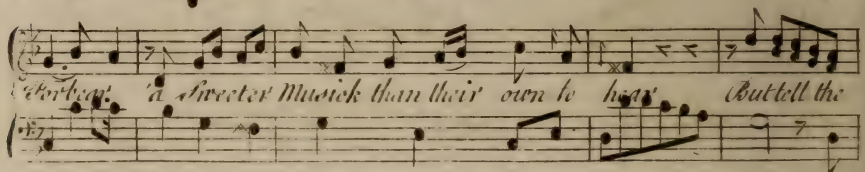
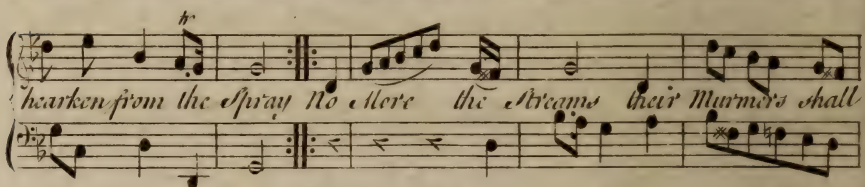
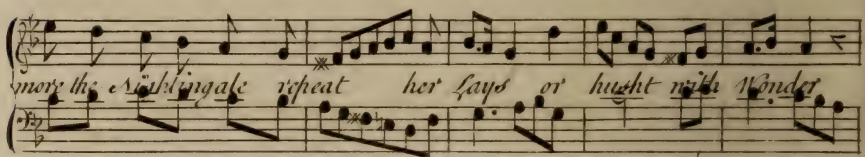
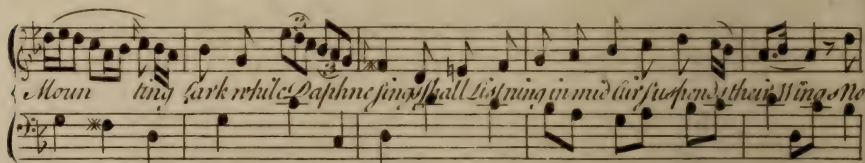
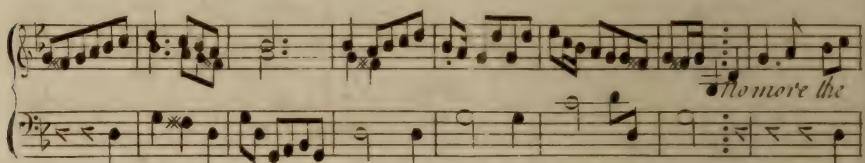
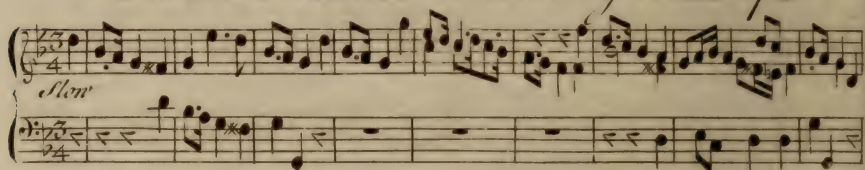
*Not the Waters gentle fall,
 By the Bank with Poplars crown'd;
 Nor the feather'd Songsters all,
 Nor the Mutes melodious Sound,
 Can Delight Florella's Ear,
 If her Damon is not near.*

Duet

*Let us Love and Let us Live;
 Like the cheerful Seasons gay,
 Banish Care and Let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May:
 Like the Sparrow & the Dove,
 Listen to the Voice of Love.*



On an Absent Friend by M^r Pope





Set to Music by. M^r Buswell

Reads and tell the Vocal Shore fair Daphnes Dead and
 Music is no More

Her Fate is whisper'd by the Gentle Breeze
 And told in sighs to all the Trembling Trees
 The Trembling Trees in ev'ry Plain & Wood
 Her Fate remurmur to the Silver Flood
 The Silver Flood so lately Calm appears
 Swell'd with new Passion and overflows with Tears
 The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death Deplore
 Daphne our Grief our Glory is no More

Sheet music for the vocal part, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a single system with a repeat sign at the end.



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe at Naur's Hall,

Moderately *Via* *For* *Via*

For *Via*

When your beauty ap...

hears in its Graces and Airs all bright as an Angel new drop'd from Skyes at

Instant I gaze & am aw'd by my tears so strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye so

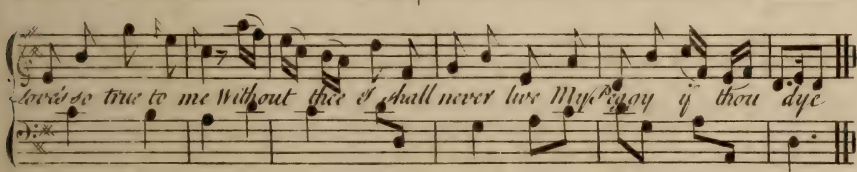
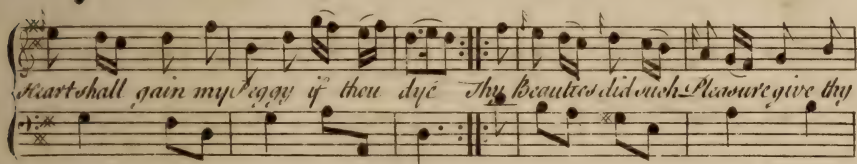
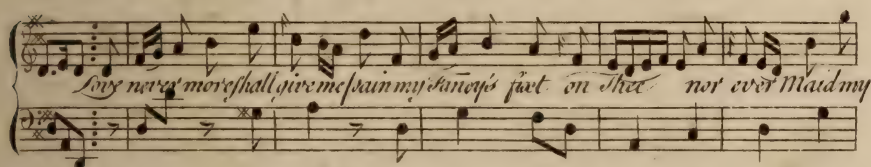
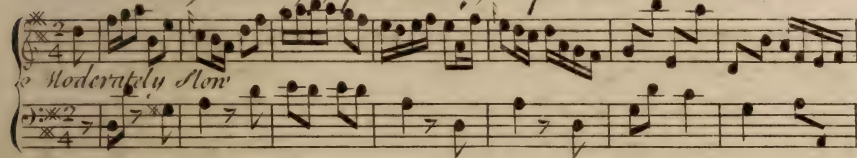
strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye.

*But when without Art, your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes through every Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes when it pants in your Heart;
Then I know you're a Woman, a Woman again.*

*There's a Passion & pride, in our Sex she reply'd,
& thus might I rally both I woud do,
An Angel appear to each Lover beside,
(But still be a Woman, a Woman to you).*



My Peggy Sung by M^r Lowe

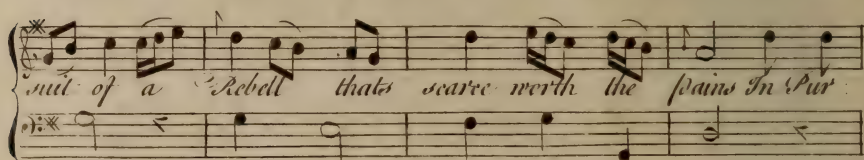
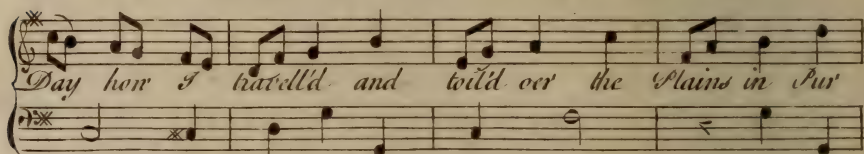
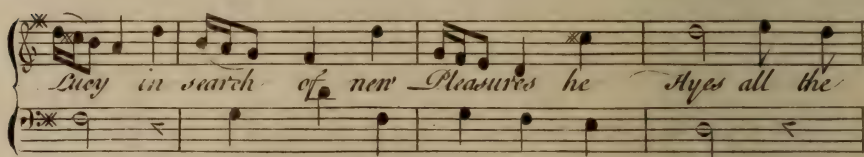
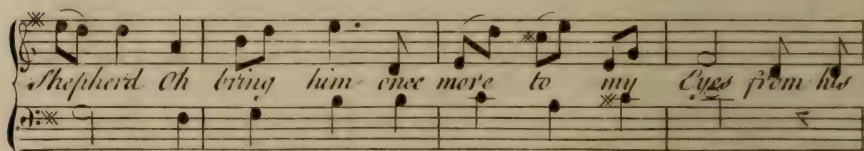
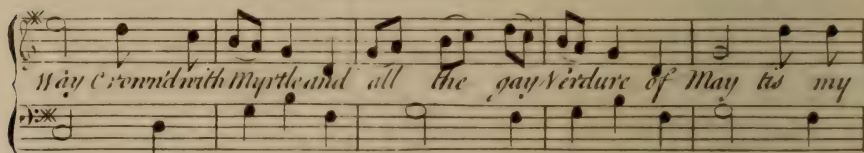
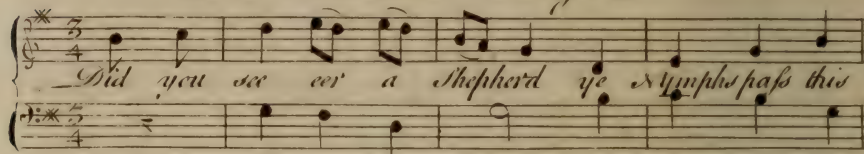


If Fate shall tear y from my breast, None new blown beauty fires my heart,
 From lonely shall I stray, With Cupids raving Rage,
 In dreary Gramps the Night All waste, But thine which can such sweet Transport
 In Nights the silent Day; Must all the World engage;
 I neer can so much Virtue find, Thro' those that like the Morning Sun,
 Nor such Perfection see; Give Joy and Life to me;
 Then Ill renounce all Womankind, And when its destined Day is done,
 My Peggy after Thee. With Peggy let me dye.

Oe Sows that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure Share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair,
 Restore my Peggys wonted charms,
 These Charms so dear to me,
 Oh never rob them from those Arms
 Im lost if Peggy dye.

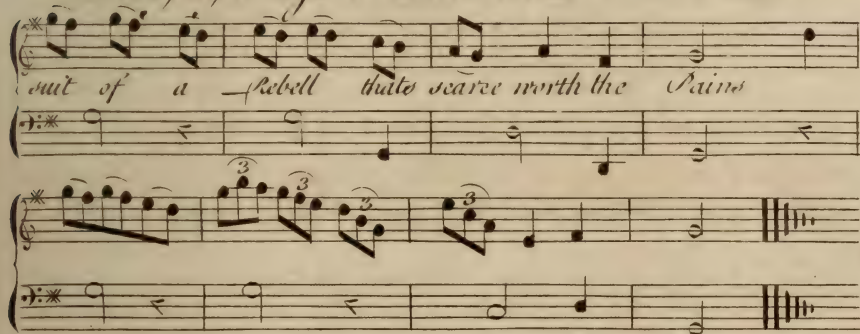


A Favourite Song





Sung by Miss Stevenson at Saint Hall



*Take Care Maids take Care, when he flatters & swears,
How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Cais,
Like the Rose-bud in June, ev'ry Hand hell invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of Sight,
And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shall find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her Pains.*

*Three Months at my Feet did he languish & sigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind Word or a tender Reply,
Love, Honour & Truth, were the Themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue,
Too soon I believ'd & reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.*

*The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as Silly as I;
But trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shall find him a Conquest that's scarce worth her Pains.*

*Beware all ye Nymphs, how ye sooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time all the Sex are the same,
Like Strife from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble & change,
And do all we can still this Maxim remains,
That a Man when we've got him is scarce worth of Pains.*



The Reasonable-Lover

Easily

I seek not at

once in a female to find The form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind let the

Girl that I Love have but prudence in View That tho' she deceive I may still think her

True *be her Person not beautiful but*

pleasing & clean let her Temper be cloudless & open her Mind by Sol by All



Set to Music by M^r. Arne

Nature nor vainly led nor Indebted to Paint nor Indebted to Paint for
white or for Red for white or for Red

9 6 7 9 6 7 9 6 9 5 6 9 5 6 7 5 6

*May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of her sex;
 Be employ'd to delight us, & not to perplex?
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest
 May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, or too pert with her Wit,
 Go find out the Fair, that is form'd on my Plan,
 And I'll love her for ever I mean if I Can?*



The Happy No

moderate

To make the Wifekind to

Keep & Acqse still you must be of her mind let her say what she will in all that she

does you must give her her way but tell her shes wrong: you lead her astray but

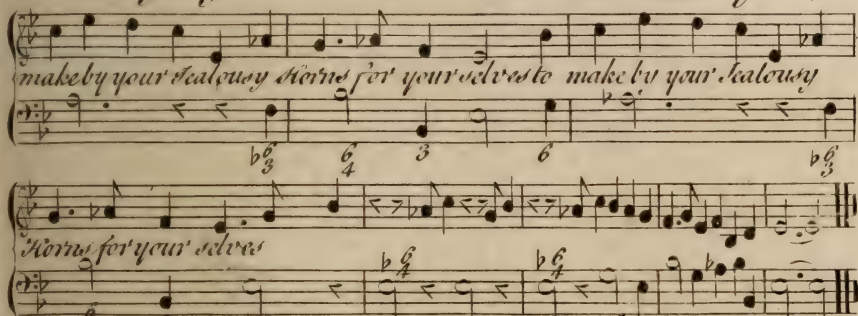
tell her shes wrong by you lead her astray

Then Husbands take care of Suspicion beware your Wives may be true if you

fancy they are with Confidence trust them and be not such Elves to

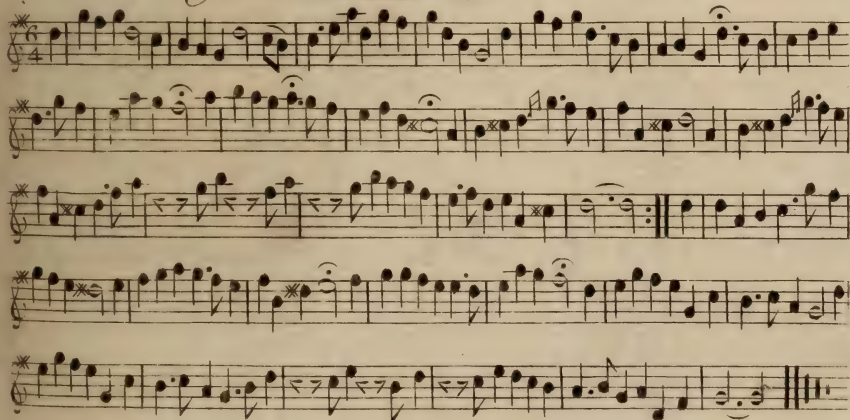


Sung by M^r Beard at Ranelagh



Home for your selves
 Abroad all the Day if she Chuses to roam,
 Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come home,
 The Man she likes best, and wants most to be at,
 Be sure to commend & she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands be.

What Vertues She has you may safely oppose
 What e'er are her Follies commend her for those
 Approve all the Schemes that she lays for a Man
 For name but a Vice & she'll err if she can.
Then Husbands be.





The Modern Rake

Sprightly

When e'er a beautiful Nymph I spy my fancy's all on Fire I long to her Em
brace to fly & revel in desire my
With I swear & sigh my pain the much for both too prize for conquest ne'er attends the
Swain who can't himself disguise for conquest ne'er attends if swain who can't himself dis-
guise who can't himself disguise

*Then should if fair one, Haughty prove,
And my fond suit disdain?
When I'm not bold, nor tender move,
She's soon forgot again?
But, if to crown me with Success,
She kindly does comply,
I let the Nymph require but this;
To love as long as I.*



The Gear and The Bragrie ot

Brisk

O shame light on this Worlds Pelf when I see how

little ot I've got to my self I'm wae when I look on my tread bare Coat O

O shame fa' the Gear & the Bragrie ot

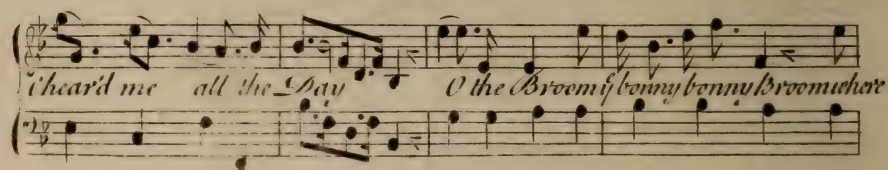
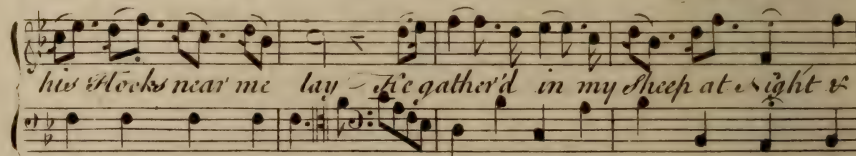
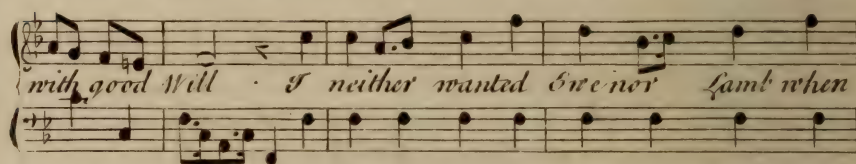
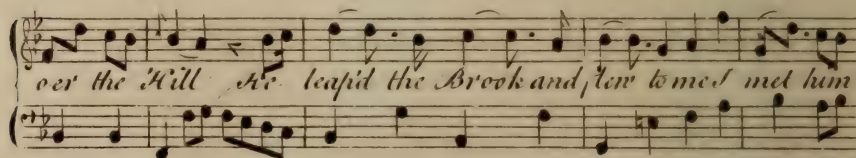
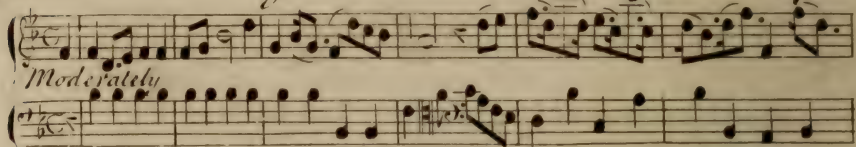
*For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd y' Byre,
 But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
 And Jenny was y' Lass that wore the plaiden Coat,
 O shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie ot.*

*And Torkey was y' Ladie that gade at y' Plough,
 Tho' now he's gotten Gow'd & Gear enough,
 But I have seen y' Day when he was not worth a great,
 O shame fa' the Gear and y' Bragrie ot.*

*But all this shall never Dauntin me,
 As long as I keep my juncy free,
 As long as I have a Penny to pay for my pot,
 May y' Diel take y' Gear & y' Bragrie ot.*

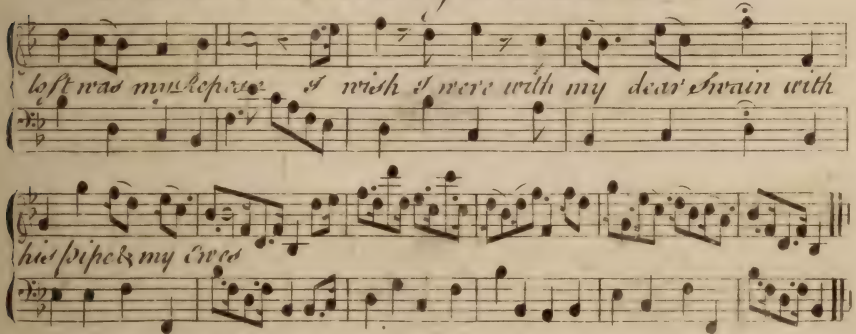


The Bonny Broom, A Favourite Song

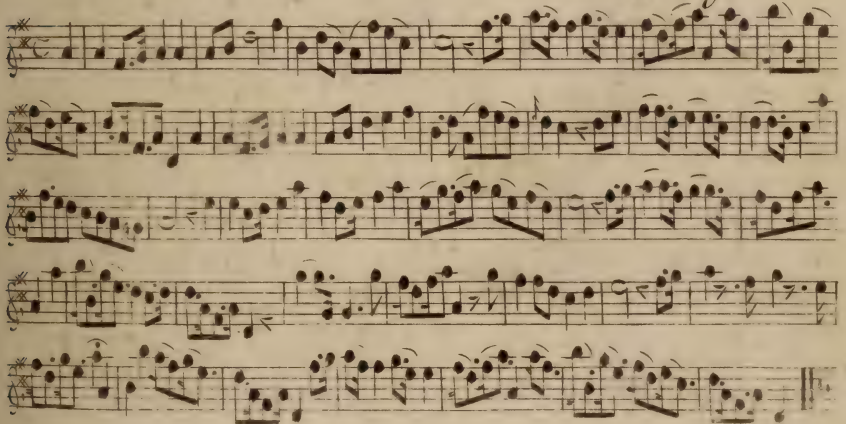




Set to Music by M^r Arne



He laid his pipe & Reed as sweet The Birds stood listening by The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd Charm'd with his Melody While thus we spent our time by turn To sweet our flocks & play I envyd not thy fairest Dame Tho' ever so rich and gay O the Broom &c	He did oblige me every hour Could I but faithfull be He stole my heart could I refuse What e'er he ask'd of me Hard fate that I must banish'd be Gane heavily & mourn (Because I lov'd thy kindest Swain That ever yet was born O the Broom &c
---	---





To keep my Gentle Jessey

Gently

To keep my gentle Jessey what

Labour, would seem hard Each toylsome Task how

ea sy Her Love the sweet reward the

Sweet reward her Love the sweet reward the sweet re

ward her Love the sweet reward She Bee thus uncomplaining Co

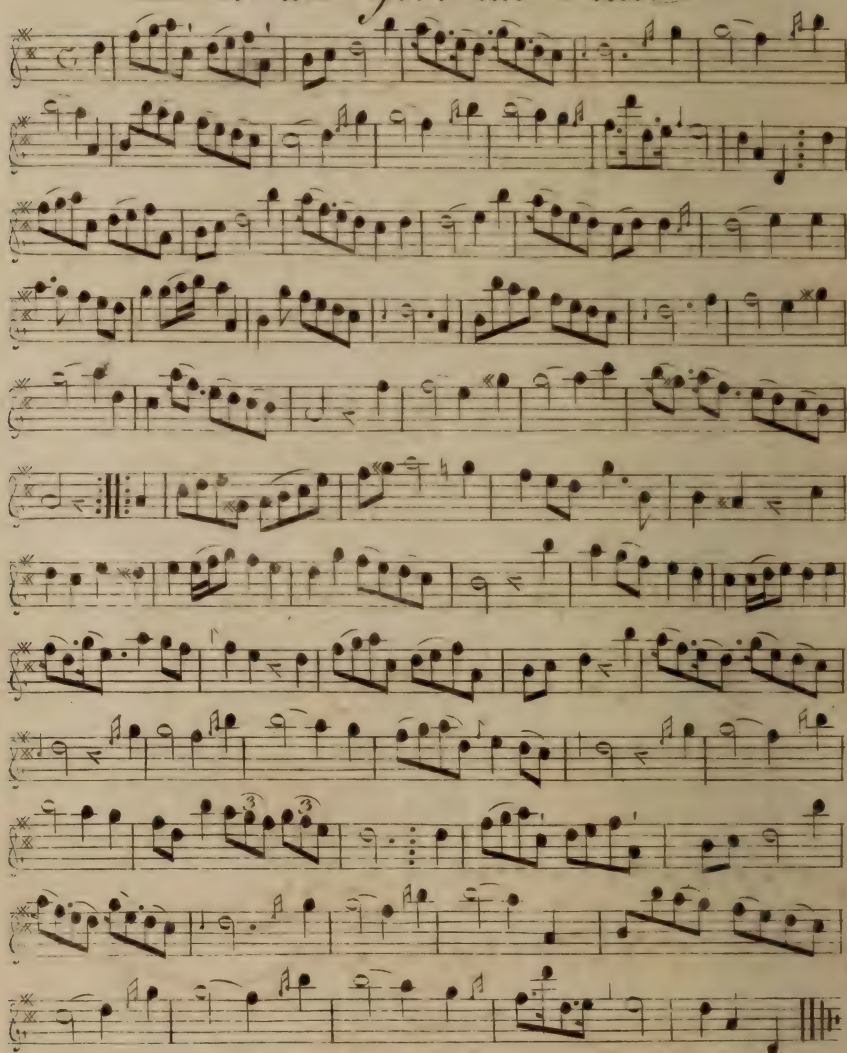


O My Favourite Song Set by M^r Arne

terms no Soul severe Thee Bee thus uncomplaining Esteems no
Soul severe the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the
Year the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the Year the
sweet reward of Honey all the Year the sweet re-
ward of Honey all the Year

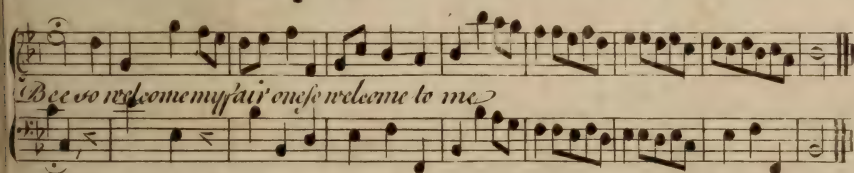
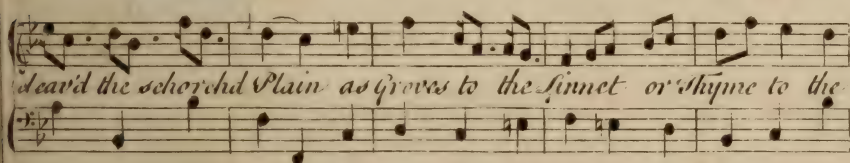
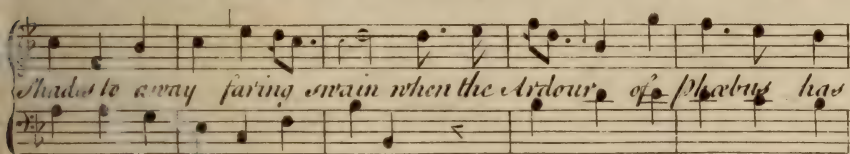
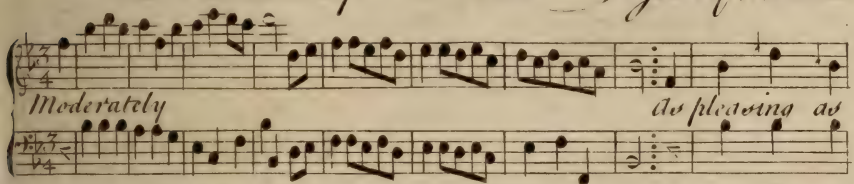


For the German Flute

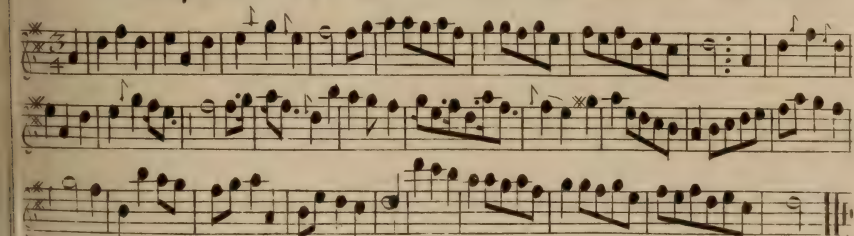




Friendship United set by Mr Bell



*Whom Love has united no Tyrants can part,
Nor can time e'er efface what's Engrav'd in y Heart;
Remembrance survives when all kapture is past,
And friendship's a Flame that burns bright to y last.*





Gently The Innocent Fair. Set by Mr Bell

Young I am, yet unskill'd how to make a Lov... or yield how to
 keep or how to gain when to Love and when to Feign
 Take me take me Some of You While I yet am young and
 true E'er I can my Soul disguise Leave my Breasts &
 roll my Eyes
 Stay not till I learn the Way,
 How to lye and to betray,
 He that takes me first is best,
 For I may decieve the rest,
 Could I meet a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth,
 Brisk, and of a gentle Mien,
 I should long to be fifteen.



The Virgins Wish Set by Mr Bell

Virgins if e'er at length it prove my Des...ti...ny to be in
 Love pray wish me such a Fate May Wit and
 Prudence be my Guide and may a lit tle decent Pride my
 Actions re...gu...late

Such stateliness I mean as may When first a Lover I commence
 Keep nauseous fools & fools away May it be with a Man of Sense
 But still oblige the wise And learned Education
 That may secure my Modesty May all his Courtship easy be
 And guardian to my honour be Neither too formal nor too free
 When passion does arise? But wisely shew his passion

May his Estate agree with mine
 That nothing look like a Design
 To bring us into Sorrow
 Grant me all this that I have said
 And willingly I'd live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow.



The School of Anacreon

The festive board was met & social Band round jangled Anacreon

Pia

took their silent stand my Son (began & sage) be this thy Rule No brow austere must

dare approach my School Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with

For Pia

in Old (are begone Old (are begone Here sadness were a sin

For

A favourite Cantata

5 6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6 6 6 6

Pia *For*

Pia *Tell not*

For

me the joys that wait on him that's learn'd or him that's great

5 6 6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6

Wealth and Wisdom I do

6 6 6 4 6 6 7 7 6

pure cares surround the rich and wise cares surround

4 7 6 6 4 4 6 9

Cares sur

8 6 7 6 7 6 5 6 9 6 6

round the rich and wise *The Queen that*

7 4 4 *For* 6 6 7 *Ra*

Set to Musick

gives soft wishes Birth to Bacchus God of Wine and Mirth

Pia

me their Friend and favorite own me their Friend and favorite

Pia

own and I was born for them alone

Pia

I was born

for them alone I was torn for them alone

1st lone *2^d* The Queen that lone

For

by M^r. Arne

For,

very Gently

Business Title Title Pomp and state

Title pomp and state give them to the fools I hate

Business Title Title pomp and state

give them to the Fools give them to the fools to the

Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools

give them to the fools to the fools to the fools I

hate

Sprightly *Sung by M^r Lowe*

But let Love let Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine

Ria *Speed the Dancing hours away and*

mind not what the Grave ones say

For *Speed if dan*

Ria *For*

ing hours away *mind not*

mind not what the Grave ones say

For

Gaily let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit and

Joy in Love & Freedom Wit and Joy *Gaily*

For

at Vaux Hall

let the Minutae fly in Love and Freedom with Joy

So shall Love & Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine

Ria $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$

Speed thy dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones say. For

$b7$ $\circ$ $\circ$ $\circ$ $\circ$ $\circ$

Speed thy dan...

$\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$ *Ria* $\circ$ $\circ$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\circ$ $\frac{5}{6}$

For

cinq 2

speed thy dancing hours away mind not what if Grave ones

$\circ$ For *Ria* $\circ$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\circ$ $\circ$

say mind not mind not what the Grave ones say

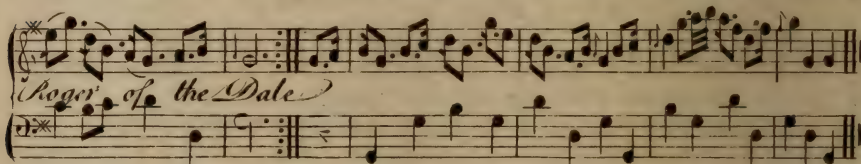
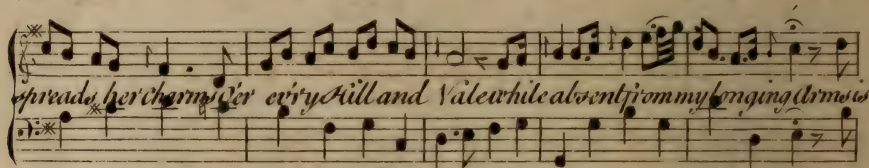
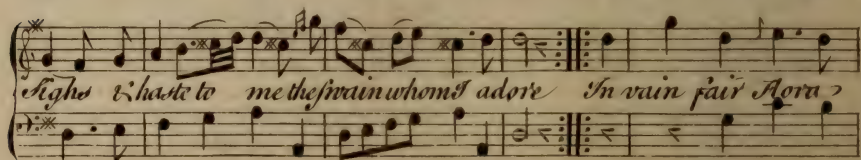
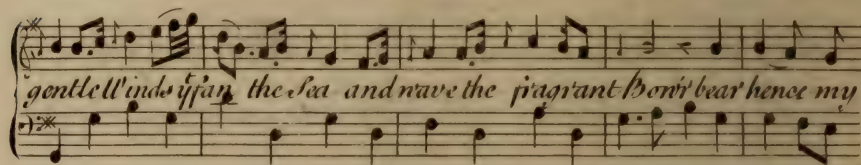
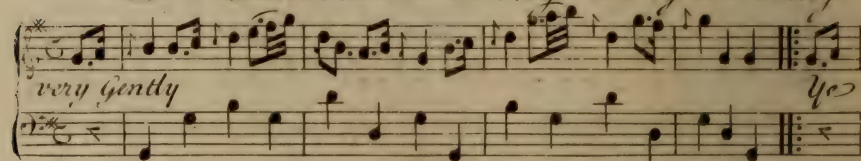
$\circ$ $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$

For

$\frac{3}{2}$ $\circ$ $\circ$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\circ$



C & Favourite Song, set by W. Riley

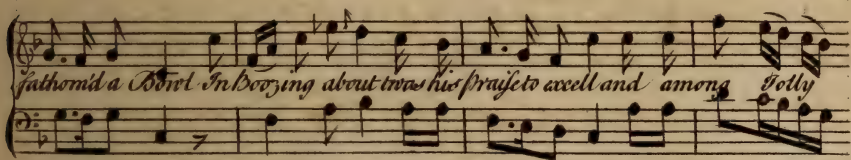
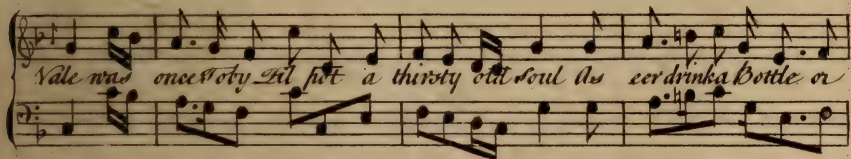
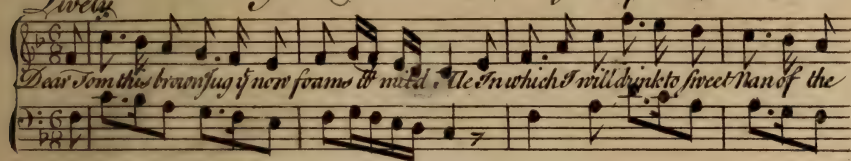


*Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In sensual Love their Days;
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Virtues Smiling Rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glittering Beau & Belle,
Give me with harmless rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.*



Toby Reduced set by M^r Hodson

Lively



It chanced in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his flower proven d'avour as gay as you please
With a friend & a pipe puffing Sorrow away
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

His Body when long in y^e Ground it had lain
And time into Clay had dissolv'd it again
A Potter found out in its Covert so snug
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug
Now sacred to Friendship & mirth & mild Ale
So heres to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale



My Favourite Song set by Mr Baidon

Brisk & lively *At*

tend ye mynymph while I impart the secret wishes of my

Heart and tell what swain if one there be whom fate designs for

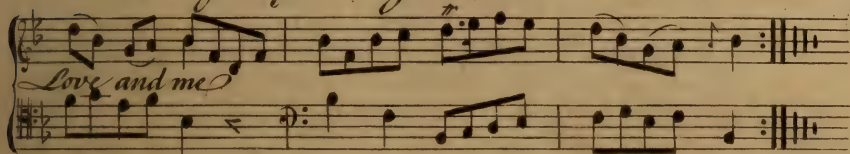
Love to me *Attend ye*

mynymph while I impart the secret wishes of my Heart and

tell what swain if one there be whom fate designs for

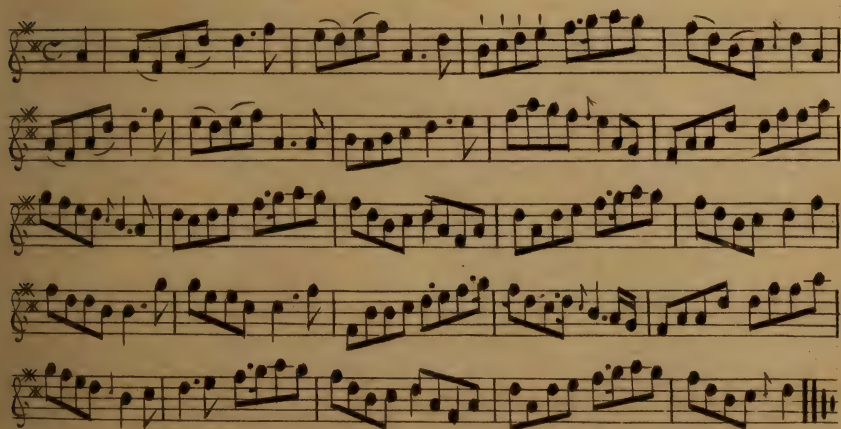


Sung by Miss Stevenson



<i>Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside</i>	<i>Where Sorrow prompts a pensive sigh</i>
<i>Let Honour all his Actions guide</i>	<i>Where Griefs bedew a drooping eye</i>
<i>Stedfast in Vertue let him be</i>	<i>Melting in Sympathy I see</i>
<i>The strain design'd for Love & me.</i>	<i>The strain design'd for Love & me.</i>

<i>Let Solid Sense inform his mind</i>	<i>Let sordid avarice claim no part</i>
<i>With pure good nature sweetly join'd</i>	<i>Within his tender generous Heart</i>
<i>Sure friend to modest merit be</i>	<i>Oh be that Heart from falsehood free</i>
<i>The strain design'd for Love & me.</i>	<i>Devoted all to Love & me.</i>





A Humorous Song

Moderately quick

Ye Prigs who are troubled by Conscience Qualms who ever are praying or

chanting of Psalms come listen awhile & I'll sing you a Song shall open your Eyes

open your Eyes shall open y^e Eyes & you'll see right from wrong

In Claret alone you should place all your hope there's more Absolution in

this then y^e Pope is the famous Oliver Salutes of Life with this you may face either



Sung by M^r Beard

Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with this you may

Chorus

face either Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with

this you may face either Devil or Wife

Your Mars, & Apollo, in spite of the Schools,
 And Jupiter eke to our Bacchus are Fools,
 When his blessed Spirit enlivens our Clods,
 Each Mortal's inspir'd with y^e Pow'r of the Gods,
 Not Mars is so Valiant, when Watchmen provoke,
 Not Phœbus so wise when y^e Justice we smoke,
 Nor Jove half so Rampant in all his Umours,
 When we thunder away from our Claret to Whores.

My Morals are Sound for they lye in my Glass,
 My Religion and Faith are my Bottle & Lids,
 My Church is the Tavern, a Vintner & Priest,
 And thus I go on till the Saint is deceas'd,
 And when I no longer can revel & roar;
 But must part with my bottle, my friends & my Whore,
 Embalm me in Claret, pay Rites at my Shrine,
 Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.



Sylvia

Moderate

Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime

Stranger to the Joys of Love thou haste Youth & that's the

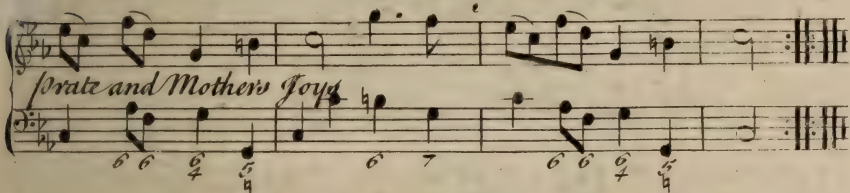
Time ev'ry Minute to improve Round thee wilt thou

nev' er hear Little wanton Girls & Boys sweetly

Sounding in thy Ear Sweetly sounding in thy Ear Infant

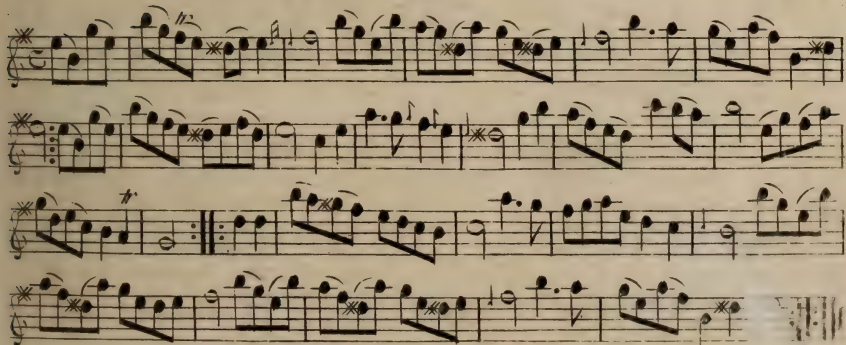


Set to Music by M^r. Arne



Only view that little Dove
Softly cooing to its Mate
As a further proof of Love
See her for his kisses wait
Hark! that charming Nightingale
As it flies from spray to spray
Sweetly tunes an Amorous Tale Sweetly he
I love I love it strives to say

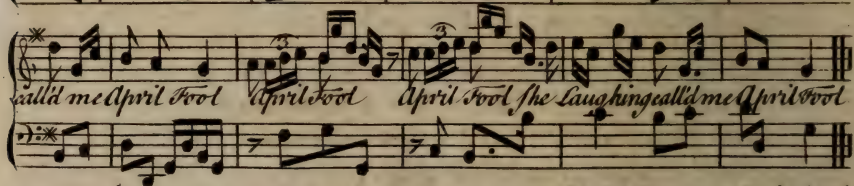
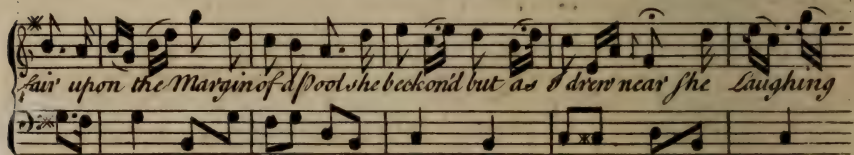
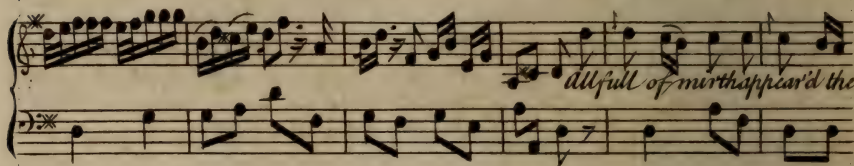
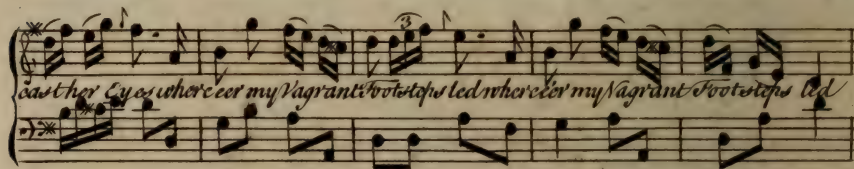
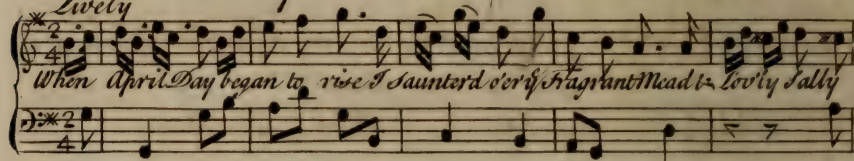
Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least the Thousandth Part
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
In a mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgins Fears from hence remove
All the Time is thrown away All the Joy
That we cannot spend in Love





April Fool

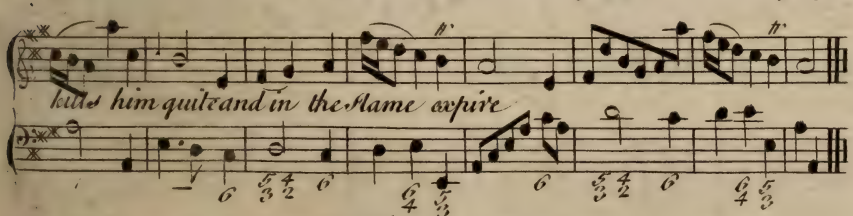
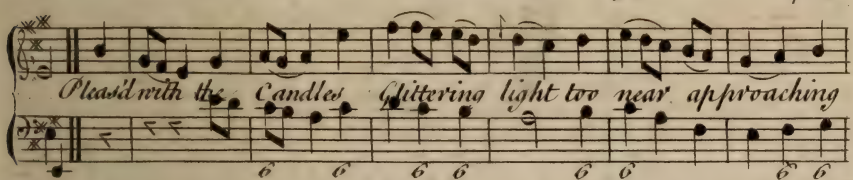
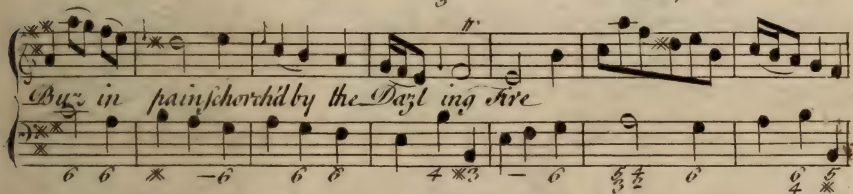
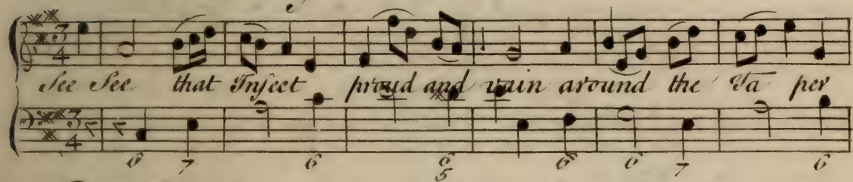
Lively



I shook my poor untinking Head That never dreamt on April Day However to my self I said Young Maid I'll soon this trick repay She ask'd me why I stupid stood Like some poor frighted boy at school Because self Goddess of the Flood Says I makes me an April Fool	Oh! say'd she fine Words indeed Enough to win a Maidens Heart Come Collinsound thy Oaten Reed And play a Love Dunc ere we part I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her all Nor would I let her fondness cool I laid her down but must not tell Now she was made an April Fool
--	---



The Fly • A Simile



Attracted thus, by Beautys Charms,
 Each Youthful Heart is in alarms,
 And hovers round the Fair;
 Till by the Lightning from her Eyes,
 The hapless Swains like Silly flies,
 Are kill'd and disappear.



John & Nell

As Nell sat underneath her Cow near to a Cuck of
 A young Brisk John was coming from his Plough to pass that way Like
 Lightning to the Maid he flew and by the hand he seiz'd her / May John she
 cry'd be quiet No and found because he seiz'd her

Young Cupid from his Mothers knee	John laid himself down by her side
Observ'd her female Bride	And stole a Kiss or two
Go on & prosper John / says he	And Flatt'rs Charm he also try'd
And I will be your guide	Till she the kinder grew
Then aim'd at Nellys Breast a dart	The Poison soon began to spread
From pride it soon releas'd her	And in the Nick he seiz'd her
She faintly cry'd I feel Lovers smart	She trembled blusht & hung her Head
And sigh'd because it eas'd her	Then smild because he pleas'd her



A New Song

Beneath this fragrant Myrtle shade while I my weary Limbs recline while

I my weary Limbs recline O Love be thou my Ganymede and

hither bring the generous Wine and hither bring the generous Wine

*How swift the wheel of life revolves
How soon life's little race is o'er
But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
Mirth Joy and Frolick is no more*

*Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
With Incense shall thy Pavements shine
Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
On senseless Earth the Nectard Wine*

*To me thy breathing Odours bring
On me the mantling Bowls bestow
Go clove the Roseate Spring
For Wreaths to grace my honour'd brow*

*Yes e'er the airy dance I join
Of fleeting shadows light and vain
All wisely drown in floods of Wine
Each busy Care and Idle Pain*



Q. A Favourite - Song

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring ten staves of music. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, time signatures (3/4, 6/8), and various musical symbols like notes, rests, and accidentals. The lyrics are written in cursive below the staves. The piece begins with a piano introduction marked 'Tenderly'. The main melody starts with the words 'My fond Shepherds of late were so blest their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay that each night they went safely to Rest and they Merrily sung through the Day But ah! what a scene must Ap.' The manuscript shows signs of age, including ink bleed-through from the reverse side and some staining.



in the Opera of Eliza

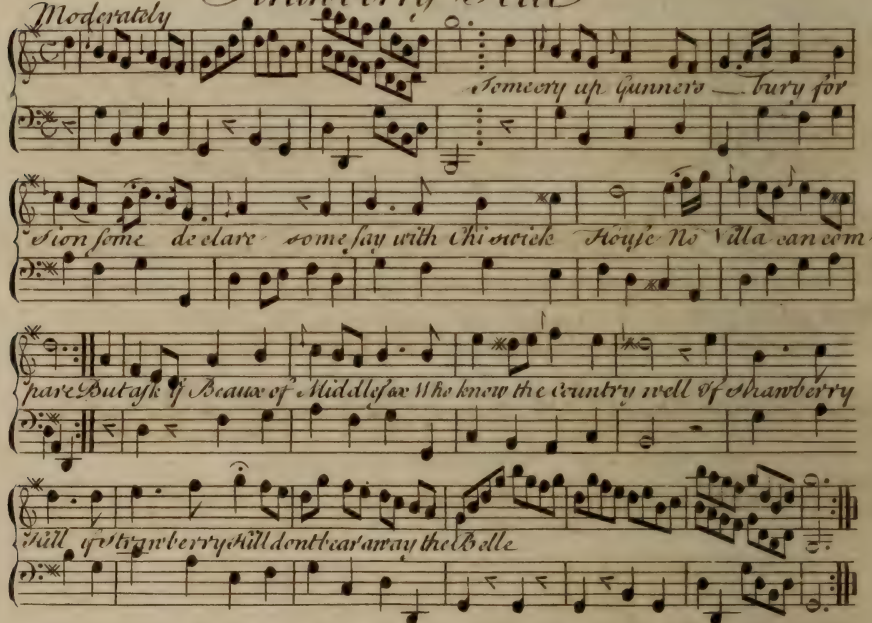
Fear must the sweet rural Pastimes be over shall the
 Labor the Labor no more strike the Ear shall the
 Dance on the Green be no More.

Will the Flocks from their Pastures be led
 Must y^e Herds go wild straying abroad
 Shall the Looms be as stopt in each Shed
 And y^e Ships be all moord in each Road
 Must the Virts be all scatterd around
 And shall Commerce grow sick of her Side
 Must Religion expire on the Ground
 And shall Virtue sink down by her side



Strawberry Hill

Moderately

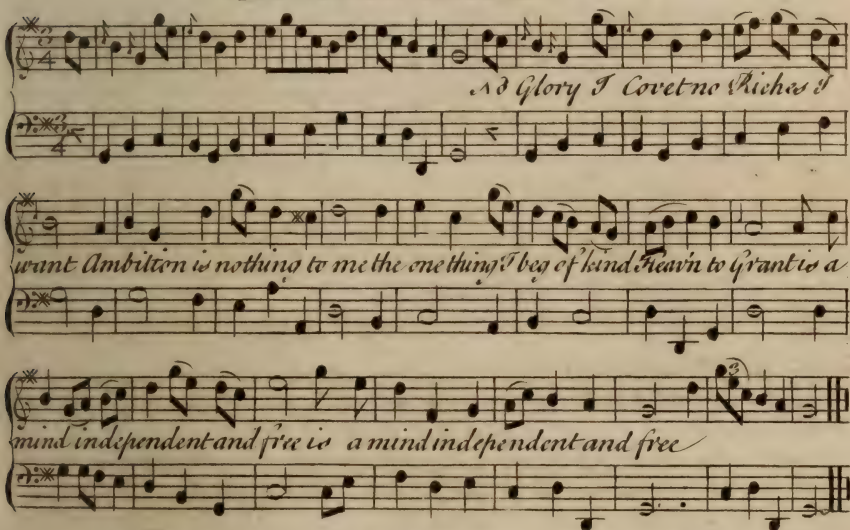


Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill	Since Denham sung of Coopers
For this thing and for that	Theres scarce a Hill around
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill	But what in Song or Ditty
Tho sure tis somewhat flat	Is turn'd to Fairy ground
Yet Marble Hill is Greenwich Hill	Oh peace be with their Memory
If He-ty A-e can tell	I wish them wondrous well
From Strawberry Hill from Be	But Strawberry Hill But Be
Can't bear away the Belle	Will bear away the Belle

The Surry boasts its Oak lands	Great William dwells at Windsor
And Claremont kept so firm	As Edward did of Old
And some prefer sweet Southcoote	And many a Gaul & many a Scot
Tis but a Dainty Whim	Have found him full as bold
But ask the Gallant Bristol	On lofty Hills like Windsor
Who doth in Taste excell	Such Hero's ought to dwell
If Strawberry Hill If Be	Yet if little folks on Strawberry Hill
Dont bear away the Belle	Like Strawberry Hill as well



Contentment



And Glory I Covet no Riches I

want Ambition is nothing to me the one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant is a

mind independent and free is a mind independent and free

With passion unruffled untainted with Pride
By Reason my life let me square
The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd
And the rest is but folly and Care

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll justly and gratefully prize
Whilst sweet Meditation & chearfull content
Shall make me both healthy and wise

In the Measures the great Man's possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part
For why fair object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart

How vainly through infinite trouble and care
The many their Labours employ
Since all that is truly delightfull in life
Is what all if they will may enjoy



Lively *The Generous Confidence*

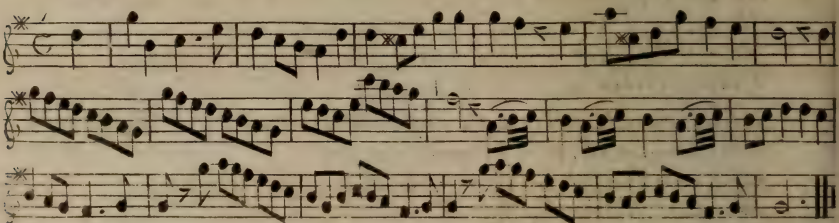
Oh Strippon what can mean the joy the eager joy I Prove

the eager joy I Prove When you each tender Art employ to

win my soul to Love When you each tender Art employ to win my soul to

Love to win to win my soul to Love

So well your Passion you reveal When take y^e Heart that pines to go
So top the Lovers part, But see it kindly us'd
That I with blushes own'd feel For who such presents will bestow
A Rebel in my Heart. If this should be abus'd





A Favourite Song Set by M^r Oswald

Recit

Would you obtain the gentle Fair's love, assume a French Fantastick air, oft when the generous

Air

Britton fails the popish Foreigner prevails

You must teach her to dance as if

no design, and shall thy brains who affect with your waltz a grace all betrayon's face and

dissemblest affectately next and dissemblest and dissemblest and dissemblest affectately next

Then bow down like a Beau	Walk y ^e Figure of Eight
Hop and turn out your Toe	With your Rump stiff & straight
Lead Miss by y ^e Hand & clear a throat	Then turn her with delicate ease
Draw your Glove with an Air	Bow again very low
At your white Stockings stare	Your good Breeding to show
And simper & Ogle and flatter	And Missy you'll perfectly please

*If these Steps you pursue
You will soon bring her too
And rife the Child of her Charms
Her poor Heart will heave high
And she'll languish and sigh
And caper quite into your Arms*



The New Song -

Not too fast

Silly Swain no longer

I will on the Charms of City Bell nor with the Priests Insuperd Run to the grate to

Court the vain *But to Rosalind Impart all the*

Emotions of thy Heart But to Rosalind Impart all the Emotions of thy Heart

Tell her alls that's good and Fair,
In her Person centred are,
Tell her too how'er inclin'd,
To be good is to be kind,
While she designs to hear the Tale,
Truth and Virtue may prevail.

But Oh if some happier Swain,
All her fond Attention gain,
Seated in the Silent Bow'r,
At the melting Midnight Hour,
She may listen while she's won,
Thou to fair to dye draw'n.



The Despairing Lover

In Chorus

When I read my fate
Her Eyes do bid despair

Each act on shows her root ed hate Oh pain too great to
bear Oh pain too great to bear

When I in tears fall at her feet, Since Cloe's love alas I know
Shall not one look afford, It is in vain to Crave;
Nor all the torments I repeat, Her pity may one word bestow
Can gain one tender word. And dying Damon save.

Ye lovers happy with the Fair,
Oh teach me all your art,
That I to Joy may change my care,
And gain my Cloe's Heart.



Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Pia For

Pia For

Where chaste Dian keeps her Court in woods and the Wood. nymphs sport

There the merry merry Roundelay tells the shepherds Hollyday There the

merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Hollyday Shepherds come

your Lasses bring hail the fragrant breath of Spring hail

in the Opera of Eliza

the fragrant breath of Spring

Lafces haste the dance be

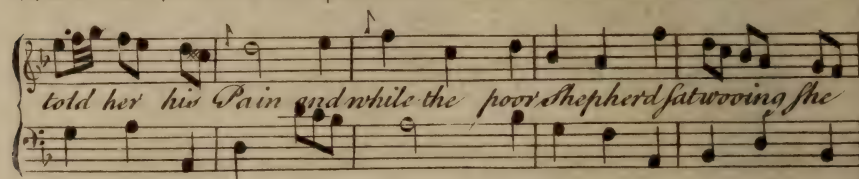
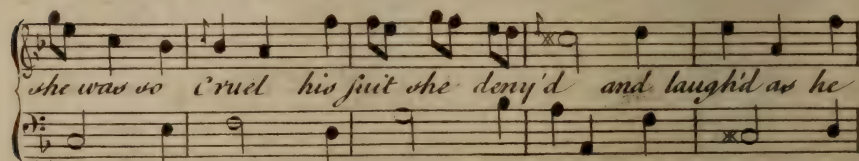
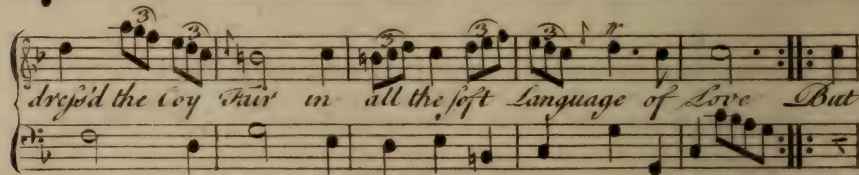
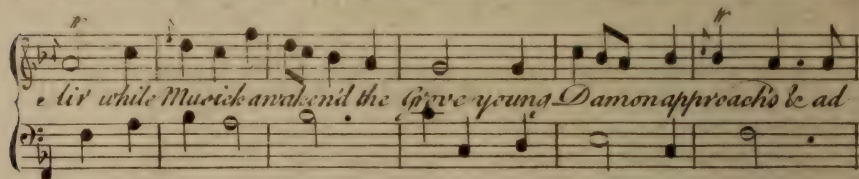
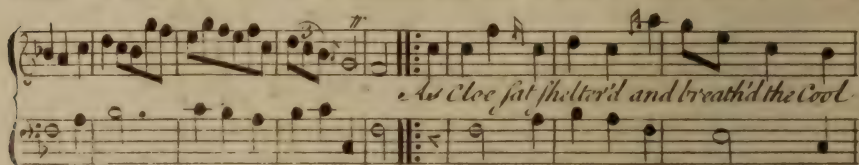
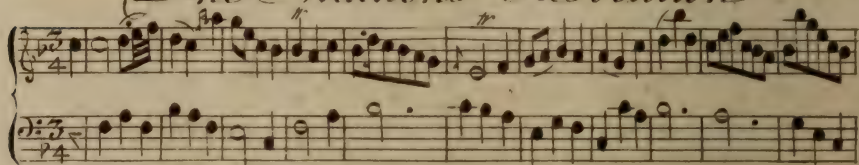
gin pastime never was a ein Lafces haste the dance begin pastime

never was a ein Lafces haste the dance begin pastime never was a

sin pastime never was a ein

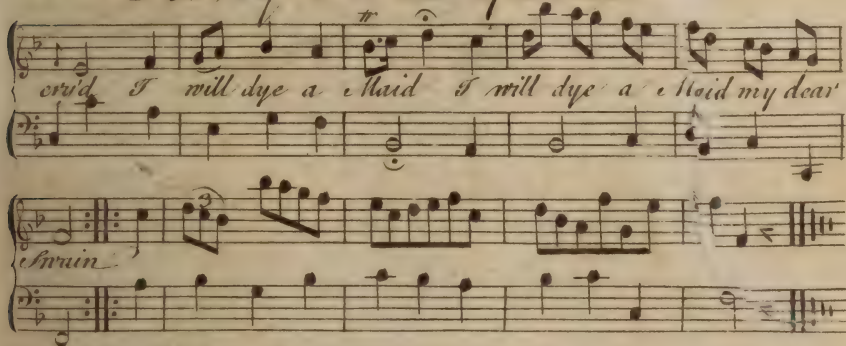


The Maidens Revolution



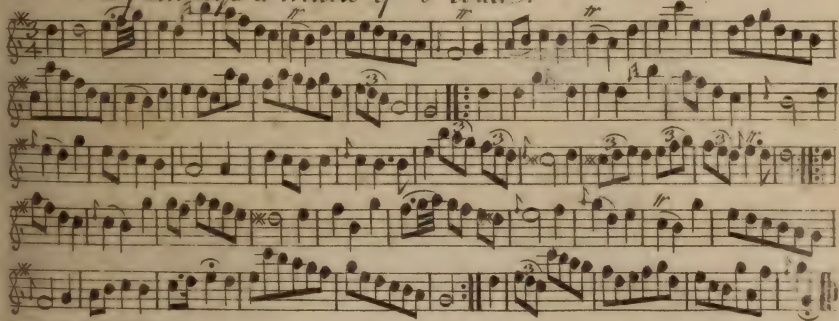


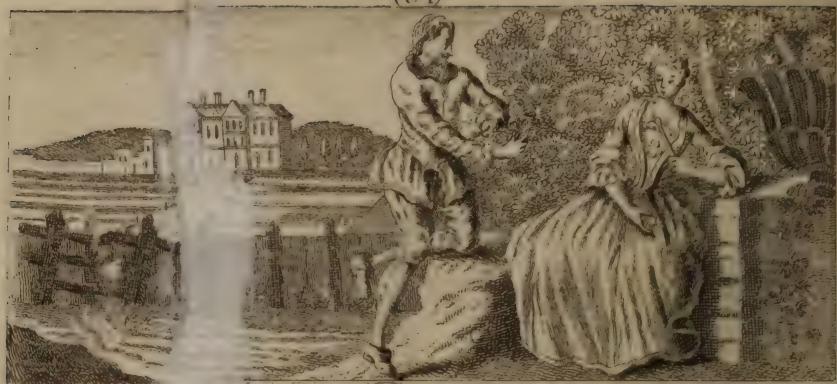
Set by M^r Desjoch



Oh what says the Youth must thy Beauty so gay,
 Perflaw us at once and invite,
 Embrace erey Rapture lest Time make a Prey,
 Of that which was meant for delight,
 When age has crept round and thy Charms wrinkled oer,
 Then all will my Chloe disdain,
 But still all her Answer was fraze me no more,
 I will dye a Maid my dear Swain.

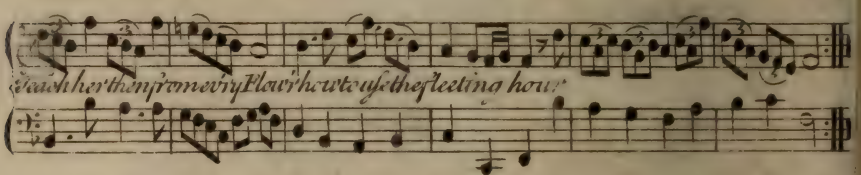
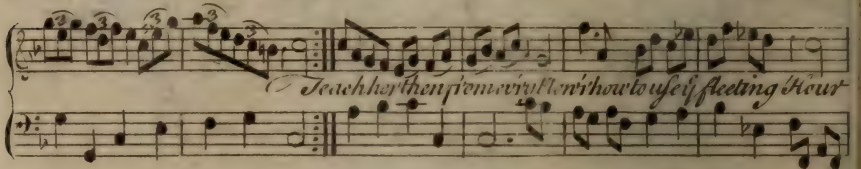
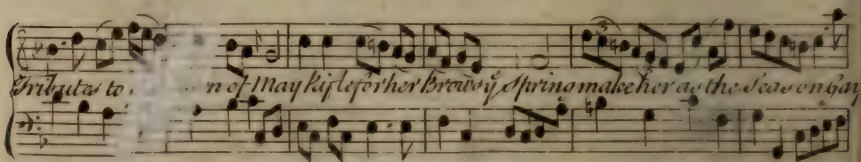
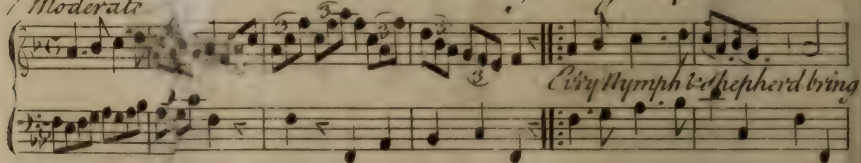
Young Damon protested no other hed prize,
 His Name was so strong and Sincere,
 Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes;
 And banish'd his Torture and Fear,
 My joys shall be secret enrapturd he cry'd
 Oh Chloe be gentle and good,
 The fair one grew softer and sighing reply'd,
 I'd fain dye a Maid if I could.





A New Song set by M^r Oswald

Moderato



Now the fair Narcissus blows, Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
With his sweeting's now delights, Soon he droops his languid knees,
By his side the Maiden rose, From the Rose her purple pines,
With her artless blush invites, A one inviting to her Bed,
Such a fragrant and so gay, Such, tho' now so sweet and gay
Is the blooming Queen of May, Soon shall be the Queen of May

Tho' thou art a Rural Queen,
By the suffrage of the Swains;
Beauty like the vernal Green
In thy Shrine not long Remains
Bless then quickly bless the Youth,
Who deserves thy Love & Truth.



A Favourite Song in Lethe sung by Mr Beard

Ye Mortals whom Fancies & Troubles perplein whom folly misguides & fir

Armisties Voe whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest Who

rise without joy and lye down without Rest

Obeey the glad Summons to Lethe repair Drunk deep of the Stream and for

get all your Care drunk deep of y^e Stream & forget all your Care

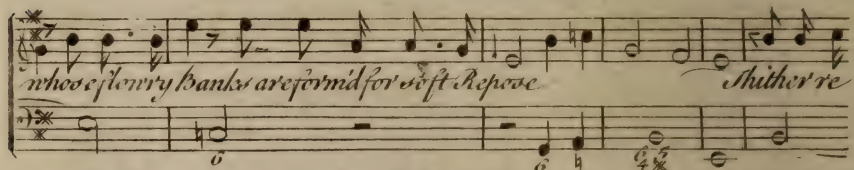
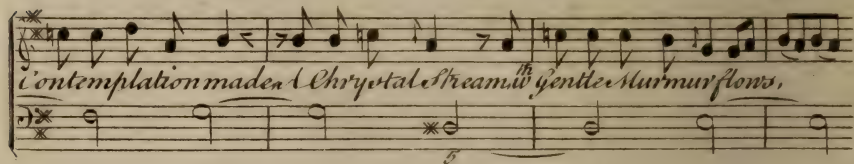
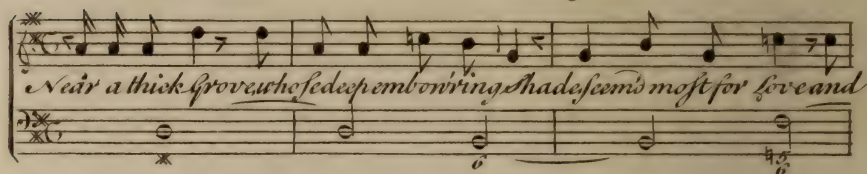
*Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
And Young Ones the Rever they cannot regain,
The Duke shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Eloe again be with Passion enjoy'd,
Obeey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.*

*The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Foe't to forget her Gallants,
The troubled in Blind shall go chearful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to Day,
Obeey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.*



James Roberts fecit

Cymon and Iphigenia



A Favourite Cantata

Ria Cymon clown who never dreamt of love by chance was

brisk Stamping to the neighbouring grove

Stile huddling along unknowing what he sought & whistled as he went for want of thought

at. me. But when he first beheld the sleeping maid

he gaped he star'd her lovely form survey'd & while with artless voice he softly

Gently sung beauty's nature thus inform'd his tongue

The stream that glides in murmurs by whose glassy bosom flows the sky compleats & rural

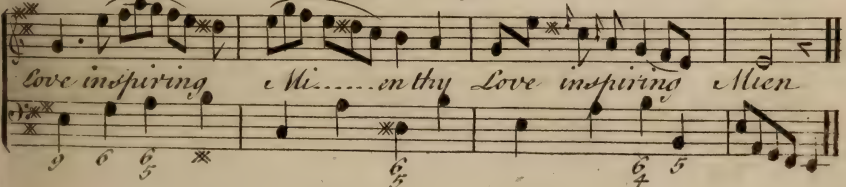
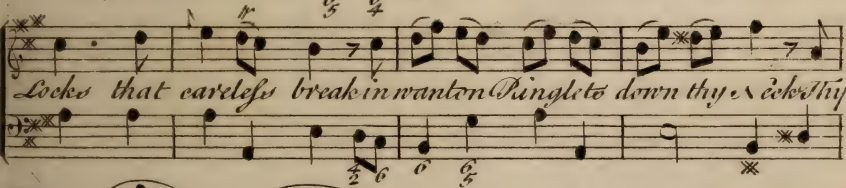
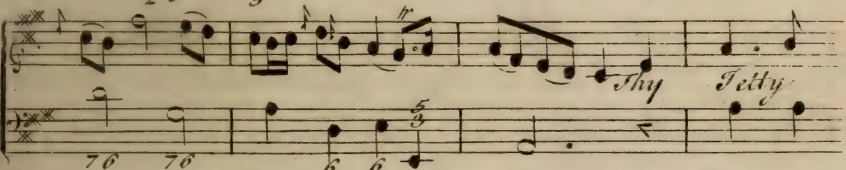
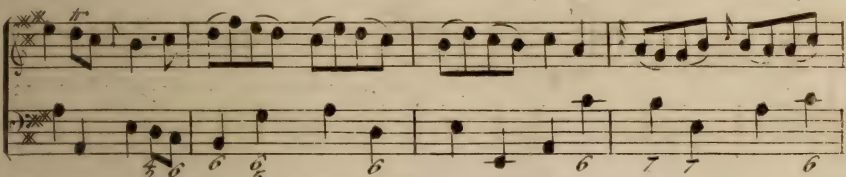
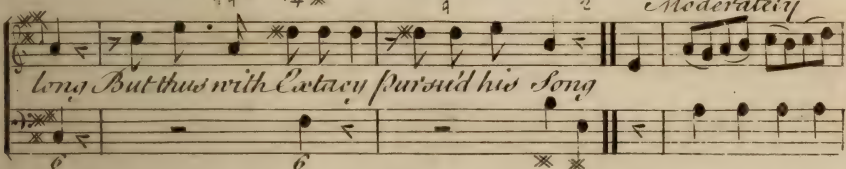
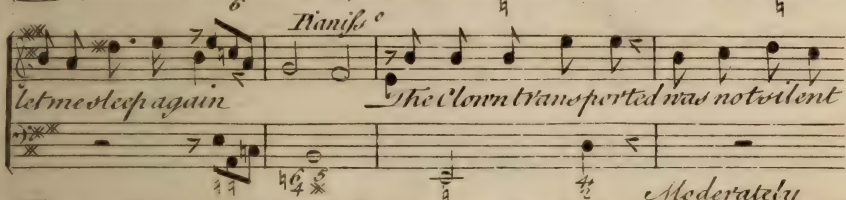
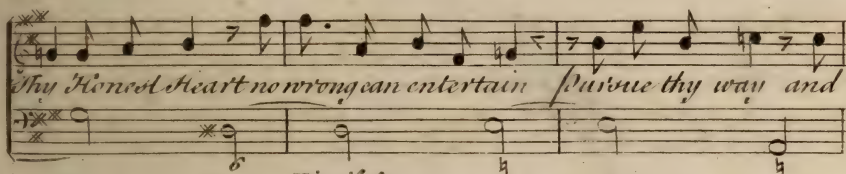
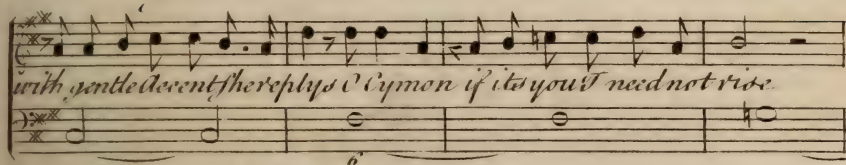
The musical score is written for a single melodic line with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The tempo and mood are indicated by markings like 'brisk', 'Gently', and 'at. me.'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Set to Musick

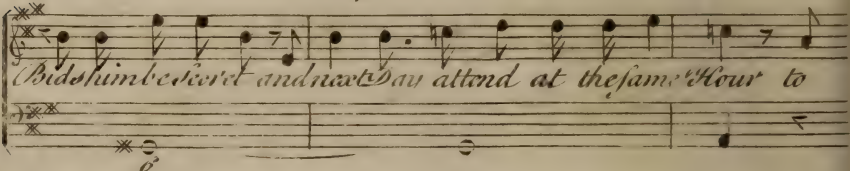
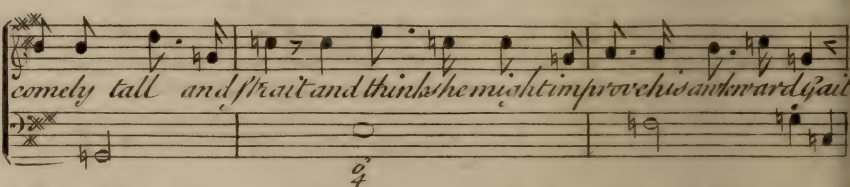
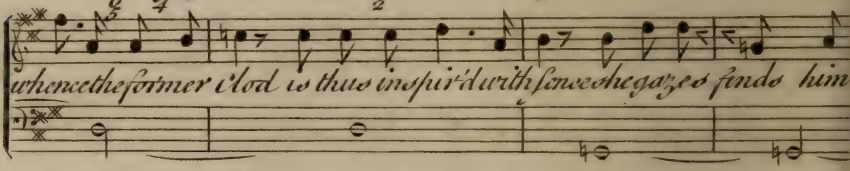
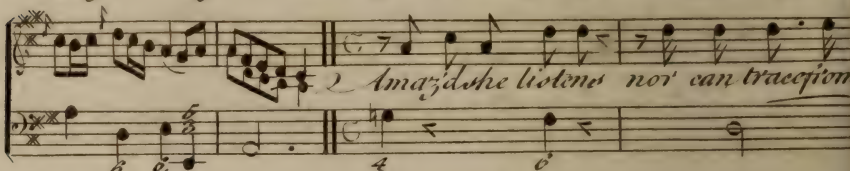
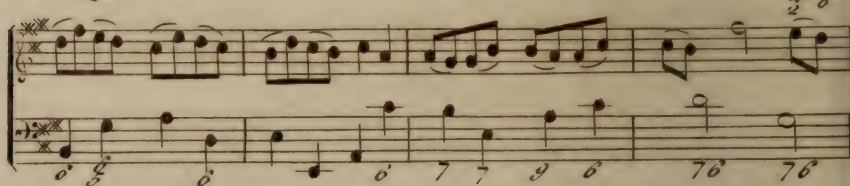
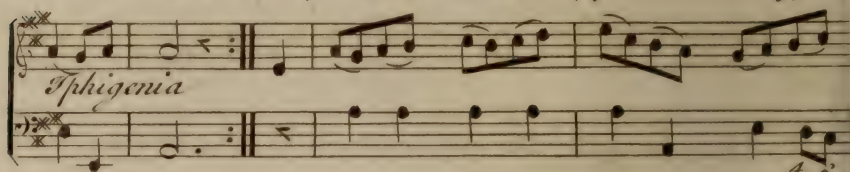
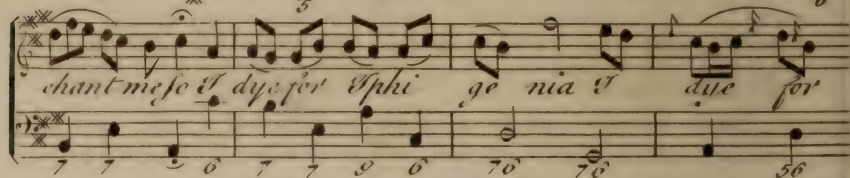
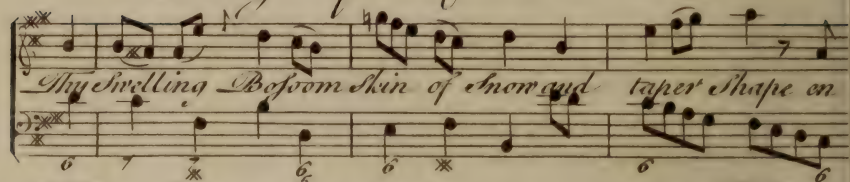
Scene compleats the rural Scene But in thy Bosom
 Charming Maid all Heav'n itself is sure display Too lovely Sphi
 genia too lovely Sphigenia
 She wakes and starts Poor Cymon trembling
 Stands Down falls the Staff from his unnerved Hands
 Bright Excellence said he Dispel all fear Where Honours
 Present sure no Dangers near Half rais'd

Tr *S:* *For* *Pia* *Rec't* *Pia*

by M^r Arne Sen^r



Sung by M^r Beard



at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

meet his faithful friend thus mighty Love could teach a clown to
 plead and nature's language furthest will succeed
 Love's a pure a
 Sacred Fire kindling gentle chaste Desire
 Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the
 Human Soul and elevate the human Soul

The musical score is written on ten staves. It includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score is a handwritten manuscript, likely from a 18th or 19th-century music book.

and at Ranelagh Gardens

for

Depriv'd of

that our wretched State had made our lives of too long Date

But blest with Beauty and with Love blest with

pia.

Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do a...bove what

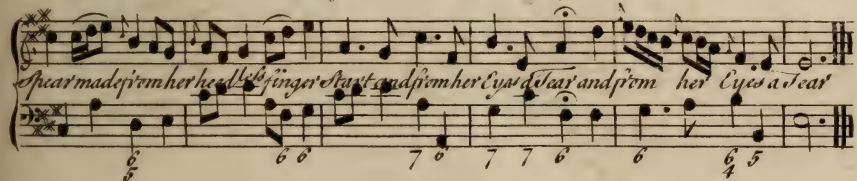
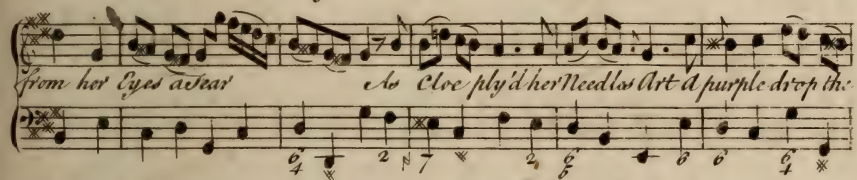
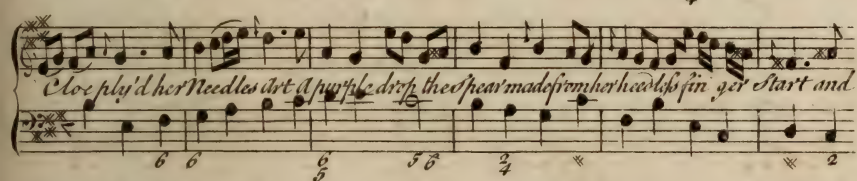
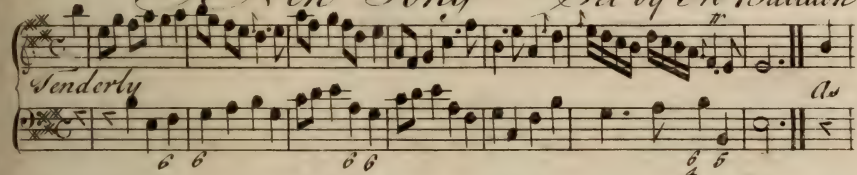
An.....gels do above. *for.*

pia

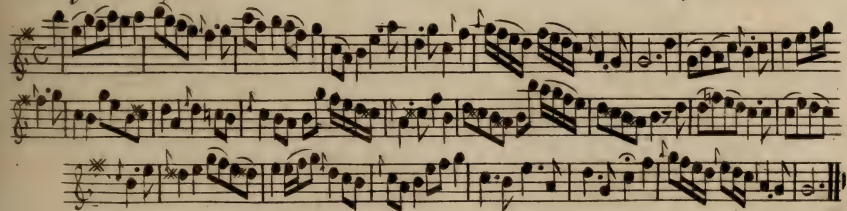


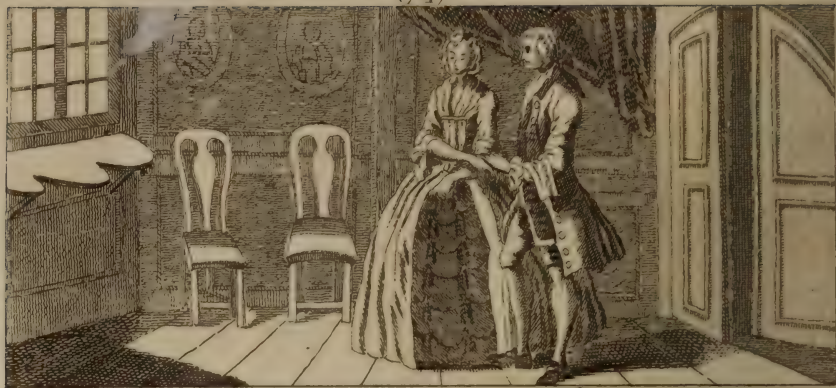


A New Song set by W^r Baildon



*Alas might but Cloe, by her Smart, Then if her Needle would adore,
Be taught for mine to feel, Loves Arrow it should be,
Mine caus'd by Cupids piercing Dart Indu'd with such a subtle Pow'r,
More sharp to me than Steel. To reach her Heart for me.*





The Injur'd Fair

Tenderly

One Summers Evening stray'd her Tender Lambskins gently

Now'd *Damon she found but quite a*

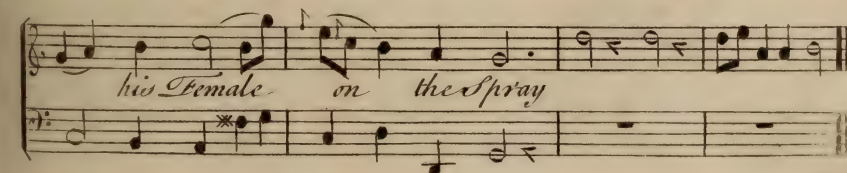
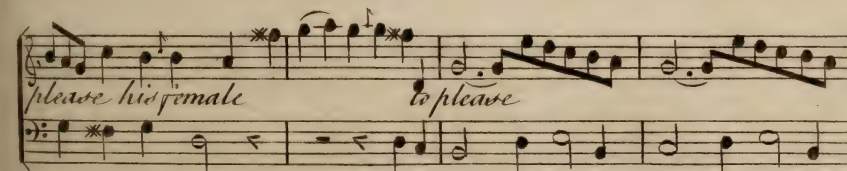
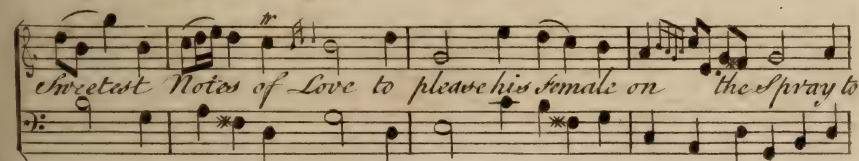
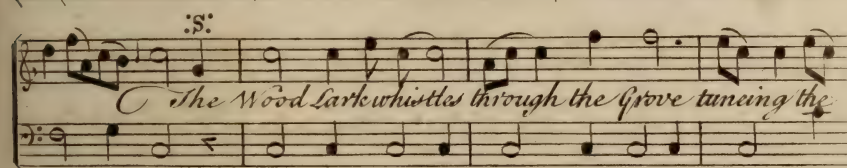
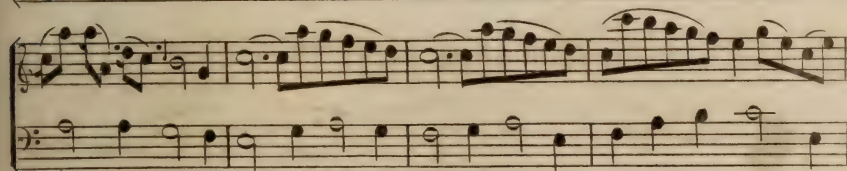
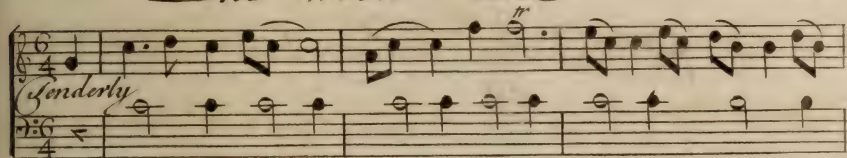
praid He to some distant Plains remov'd

The Swain who at a distance flew,
 She sought alas, but all in vain?
 The fickle Youth, too well he knew—
 The Injur'd Goes dreadfull Pain?

Under a Shady Willow Green?
 On his pipe he Tun'd his Tale,
 Celia's Name was all his Theme,
 But she Lov'd Stephen of the Dale.

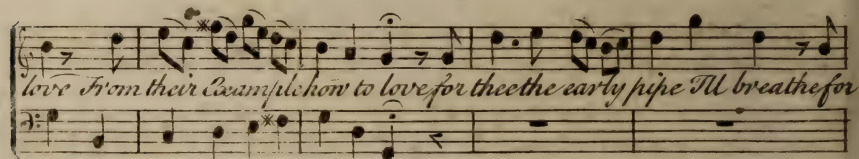
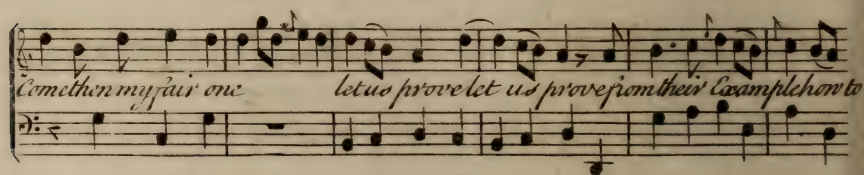
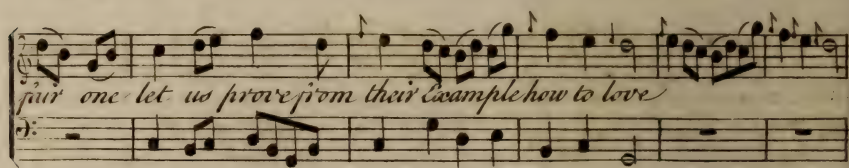
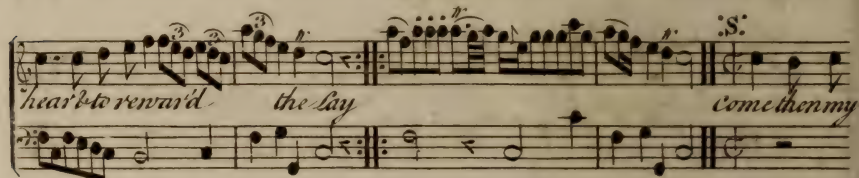
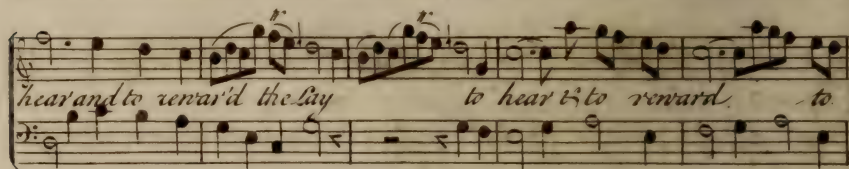
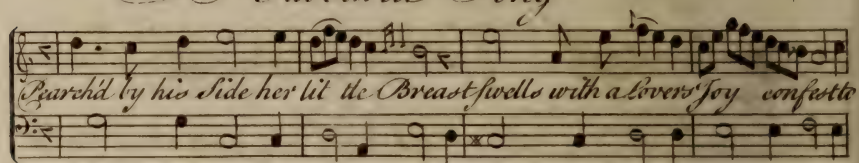


The Wood Lark -





To Favourite Song





in the Opera of Eliza

thrice the early pipe I'll breathe... the for thee the car... by
pipe I'll breathe And when my flock return to fold their
Shepherd to thy bosom hold And when my flock return to
fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown him with the nuptial Wreath;
when my flock return to fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown
him with the nuptial Wreath



Set to Music by M^r Baildon

Hark the Birds begin their Lay

How we do deck the Robe of May

See! the little lambskins bound Playfull o'er the

Clover Ground

While the Pigeons sportive low



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

where the yel....low cowslips blow

While the Reifers sportive low

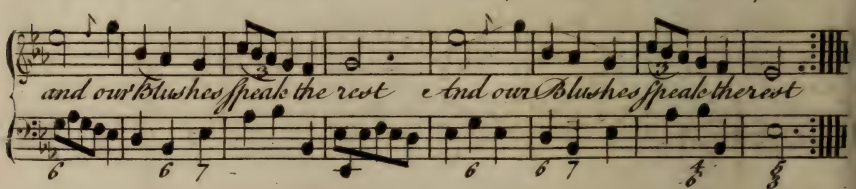
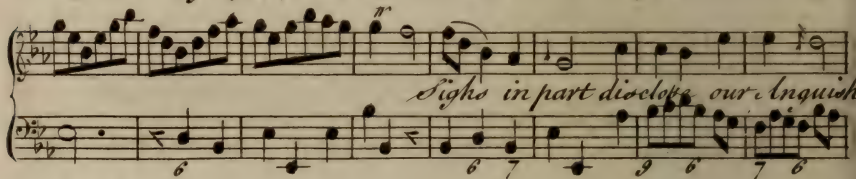
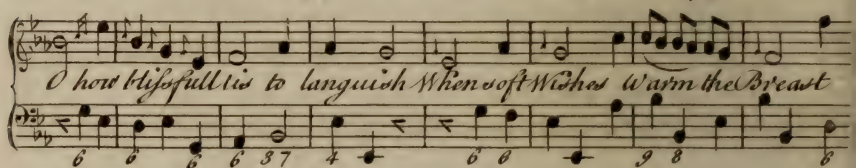
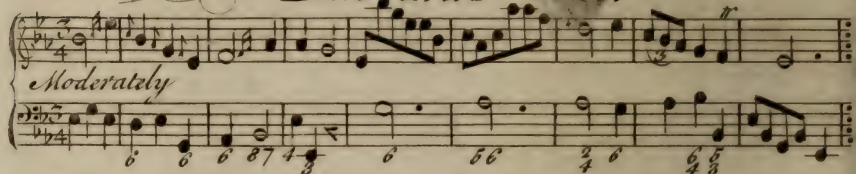
where the yel....low cowslips blow.

Now the Nymphs, be swains advance	Innocence, Content, and Love,
O'er the lawn, in festive Dance:	Fill the Meadows, and the Grove,
Garlands, from y ^e Hawthorn bough,	Mirth, that never wears a frown,
Grace the happy Shepherd's Bow,	Health with Sweetness all her own,
While the Lasses, in array,	Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
Wait upon the Queen of May.	And pale Care forgets his Toyl.

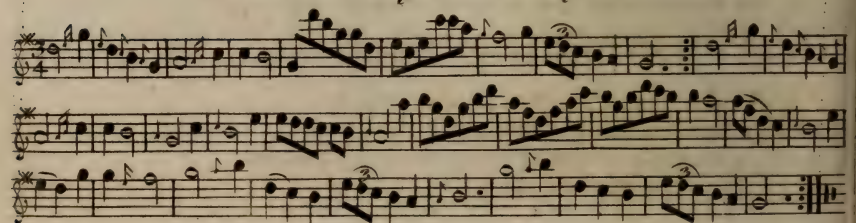
*Oh! what pleasures Shepherds know!
 Monarchs cannot such bestow,
 Love improves each happy Hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store,
 Learn, Ambition learn from hence,
 Happiness is Innocence.*



O Favourite Air



*Gay Desires which fondly please us,
Prove by Night our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight Slumbers seize us,
O the Charming, Charming Dreams.*





The Risers Feast

Avarus sent for

me to dine the Day and gave to bestpoke *The Day you spoke*

spoke the gilded Plate on cupboard shine & Chimney hardly smoke

smoke *like the Chimney hardly smoke*

The various Dishes I behold
 Pollo and Olio Sweet
 But Teeth so Chatter with the Cold
 I know not how to eat.

Avarus it is my Desire
 And with me join the rest
 In Winter youd Improve your Fire
 Or not till Summer feast.

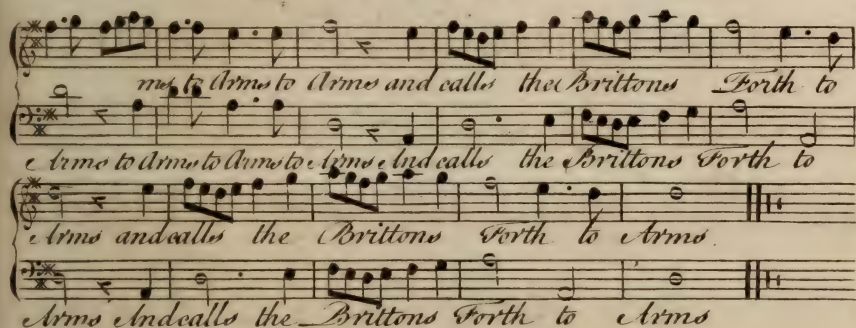


O Loyal Song

*Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with
 ay Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with
 draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent
 draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent
 Smile To it you fly the Sons of Fame That
 Smile To it you fly the Sons of Fame That
 they the Pride of France may tame That they the Pride of
 they the Pride of France may tame that they the Pride of
 France may tame For Wars is Rous'd is Rous'd by Wars a
 France may tame For Wars is Rous'd by Wars a
 larms and to the Brittons Worth to Arms to Arms to
 larms and to the Brittons the Brittons worth to Arms to Arms to*



For two Voices



*Our Chiefs renown'd upon the Main,
Once more in Arms shine forth again,
Whose steady Courage dares Oppose
And stem the power of Gallick Foes. For Mars &c*

*What State but does its fate deplore,
Where ere the British Thunders roar,
All all must in Subjection bow,
And to Brittannia's Sons 'tis due. For Mars &c*

*As Rome of Old her Terrors Hurld,
And prov'd the Miseries of the World,
The Globe it self must subject be,
To Albion's Sons who Rule the Sea. For Mars &c*

*Arise arise to War's great call,
Prepare to meet the Audacious Gaul,
And in return for all your toils,
Return with Victory and Spoils. For Mars &c*

L L



The Spinning Wheel

Moderately Brisk

Young Collin fish

ing near the Mill jaw Sally underneath the Mill whose heart loves

tender pon'r coud feel whose heart loves tender pon'r coud feel

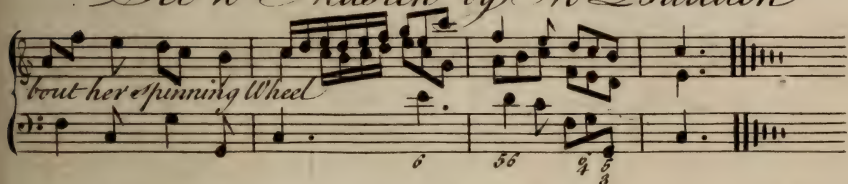
The Mill was stopt no Miller there she smild to see the Youth appear she smild to

see the Youth appear but turn'd about her Spinning Wheel but turn'd a

Slow



Set to Music by M^r Baildon

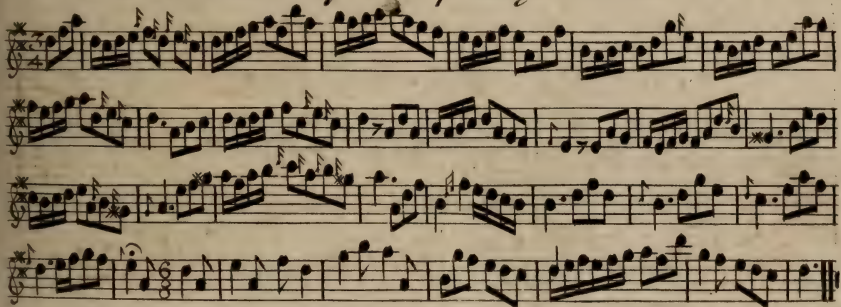


Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy breath is like the Spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll seal,
You stately Swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast, and Neck,
But still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

The fair one, Beauty's transient Power,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flower;
Not so where Virtue loves to dwell;
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the vale of Udder;
She smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning Wheel.

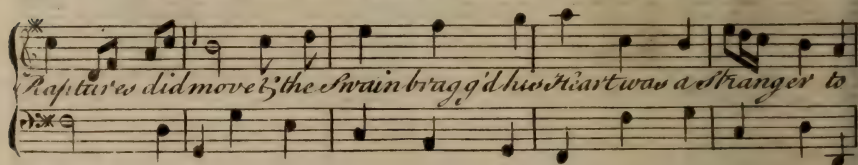
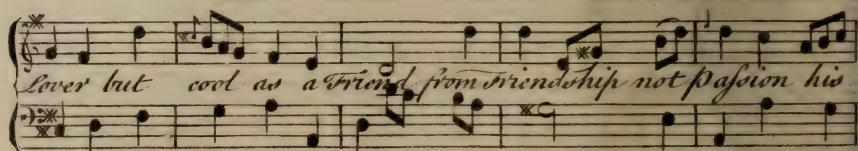
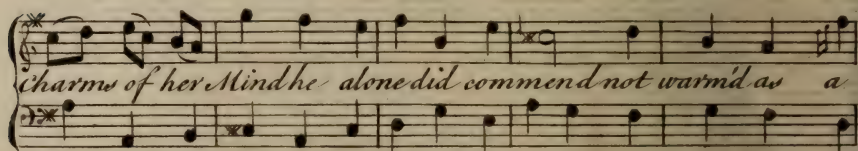
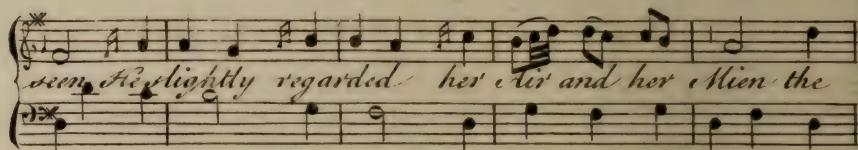
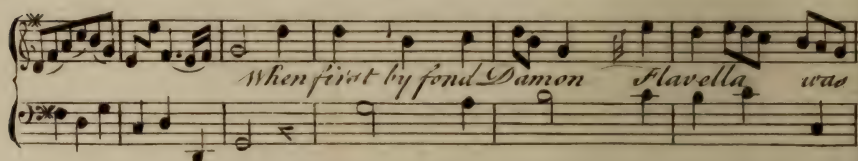
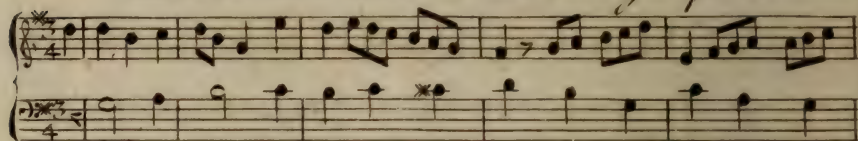
The Pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,
Says she, I scorn, for peace and Health,
Where honest Labour earns her Meal;
Who tells the flatterers common tale,
Can never, o'er my Heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

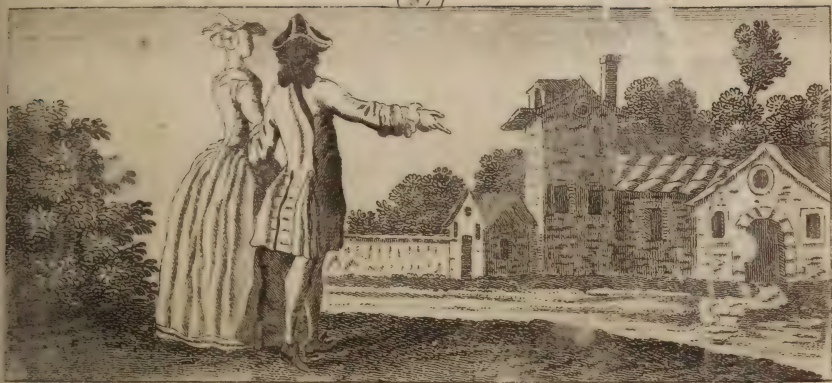
The Swain, who loves the virtuous Mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
It is the Voice says he of Love,
Come, hasten to yon Church above,
She blusht, and left her Spinning Wheel.



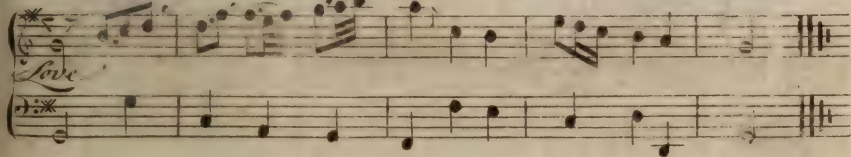


Damon and Flavella set by Mr Wademan





Sung by M^r Lowe at Vaux Hall.



New Charms he discover'd as more she was known
 Her Face grew a Wonder her Taste was his own
 Her Manners were gentle her Sense was refined
 And oh what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her Mind
 Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen & shew'd it was Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd he sighs for the Fair
 Grows dull to all Pleasure but being with her
 Her mute while his Heart strings are ready to break
 For the fear of Offending forbids him to speak
 And wanders a willing Example to prove
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love.

A Lover thus Conquer'd can neer give Offence
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles but a Slave to her Sense
 His Passion nor Wrinkles nor Age can allay
 Since founded on that which can never decay
 And Time that will Beautys short Empire remove
 Increasing her Reason Increases his Love.



Peggy () Set by W. Arne

Moderately

The Peggy's charms have oft been sung of darling theme of every

Tongue Now praises still remain nor praises still remain such heavenly beauty can in

given new light new fancy as like a muse and bright new strain and bright new strain

Thou not her form alone I prize, Which every fool that has but eyes As well as I can see. To say she's fair is but to say, When Phœbus shines at Noon-day What none need learn of me.	But I'm in love with Peggy's mind Where every virtue is combin'd, That can adorn the fair, Excepting one you scarce can miss, So trifling, that I would not wish That virtue had been there.
--	---

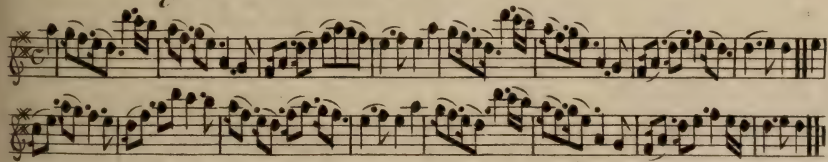
She, who possess all the rest,
Must give well the Prude, whose Breast
That Virtue shares alone.
To seek perfection is a fault,
They who have fewest faults are best,
And Peggy has but one.



The Adieu

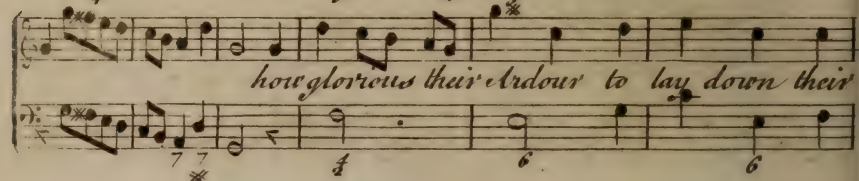
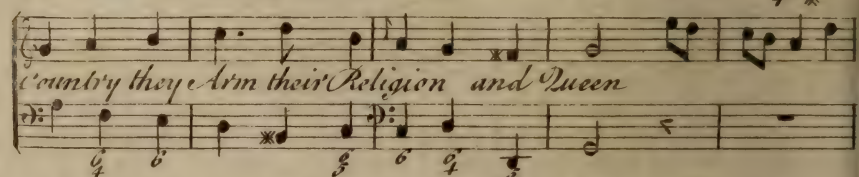
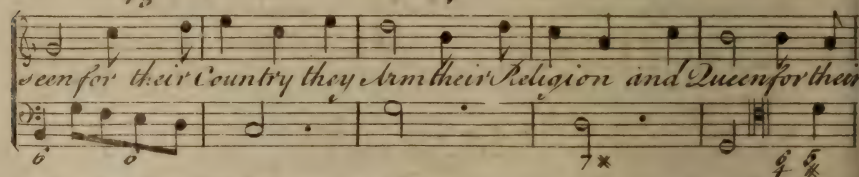
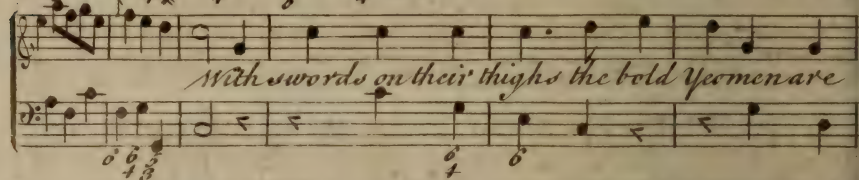
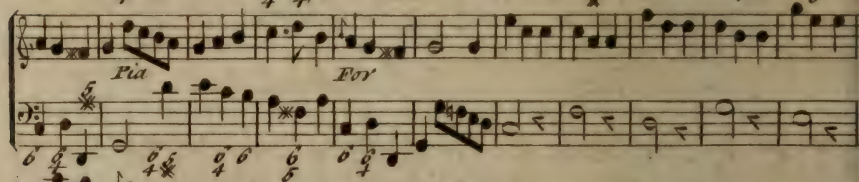
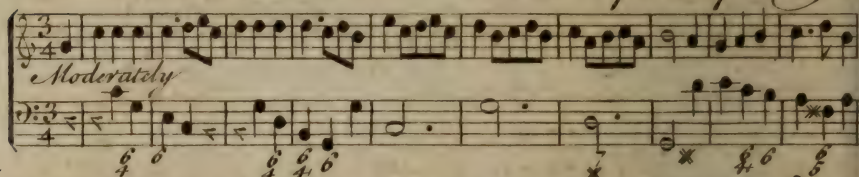
Since Peggy I mun bid adieu, how can I help despairing, let
 rate its Rigour still pursue; there's thought more worth my caring, I was
 the alone could calm my Soul when racking thoughts did grieve me. Her
 Eyes my Troubles could controul, and in to Joys deceive me,

Farewell the Brook's, no more along,
 Your Bank's mup I be walking,
 No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
 Or Pretty Peggy's talking,
 But I by Death an End will give,
 To Greif Since we mun sever,
 For who can after parting, Live,
 Ought to be wretched Ever.





A Favourite Air in the Opera of Eliza





Sung by Sig^{na} Frasi

lives in defence of their freedom their

children and Wives how glorious their

ardour to lay down their lives in defence of their freedom their

children and Wives in defence of their freedom their children and

Wives

*O ye Tyrants ye know not what Liberty yields
 How she guards all our shores & protects all our fields How she
 As Hebe shes fair and as Hercules strong
 Shes the Queen of our mirth & the Joy of our song She's the*

*To Liberty raise up the high shearfull virgin
 Fill y Goblets around to the Lords of y Main Fill the
 Eliza is Queen and her brave loyal band
 Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land Shall*



A Favourite Song from Shakespeares Cimbeline

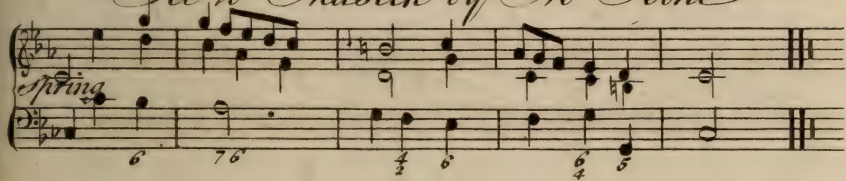
Musical score for a song, featuring two staves (treble and bass clef) with lyrics written below the notes. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are:

pair Fidet.....co grasoy Some soft Maids and
Village Maids shall bring each op ning Sweet of
earliest Blookm and rifle all the breathing

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written in a stylized, cursive font.



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

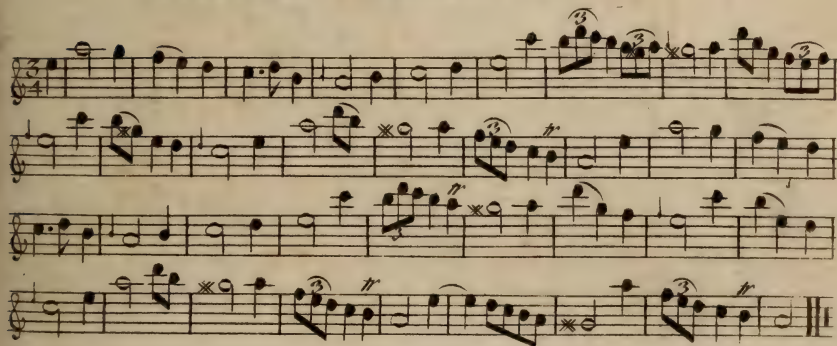


*No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear The Redbreast oft at Evening Hours
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove Shall kindly lend his little aid
But Shepherds Lads assemble here With hoary Hops & gather'd Flowers
And melting Virgins own their Love To deck y^e Ground were thou art laid*

*No wither'd Witch shall here be seen When howling winds & beating rain
No Goblins lead their nightly crew In Tempest shake the Sylvan Cell
The female Fays shall haunt y^e green Or midst the Chase on every plain
And dress thy Grave with early Dew The tender Thought on y^e shall dwell*

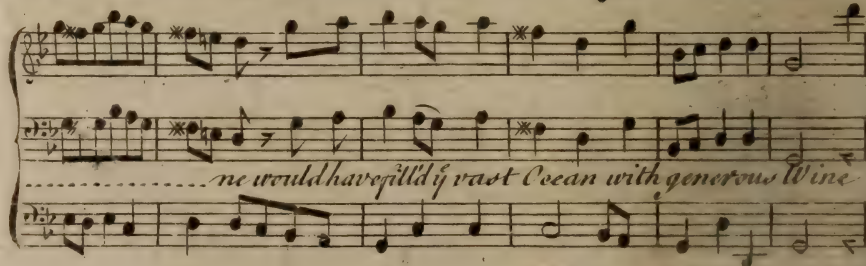
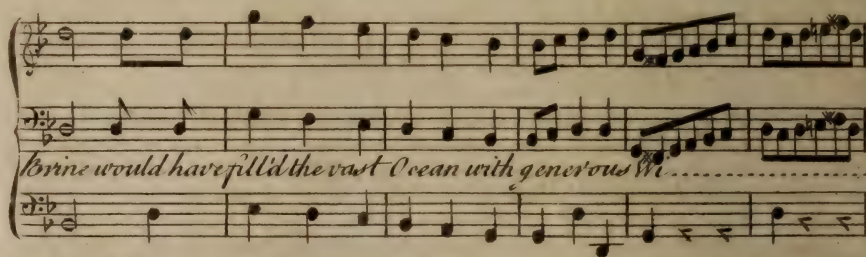
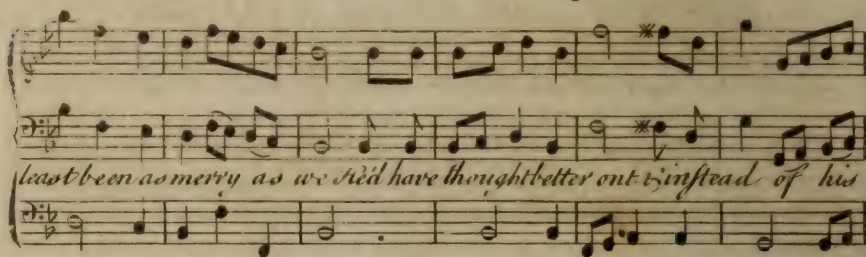
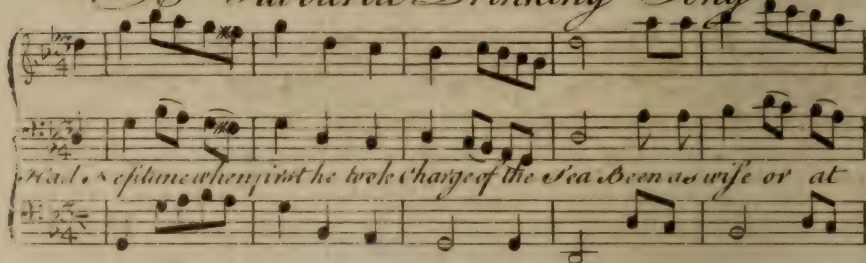
*Each lonely Scene shall Thee restore
For Thee the ear be duly shed
Belov'd till Live could charm no more
And mournd till pity's self be Dead*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



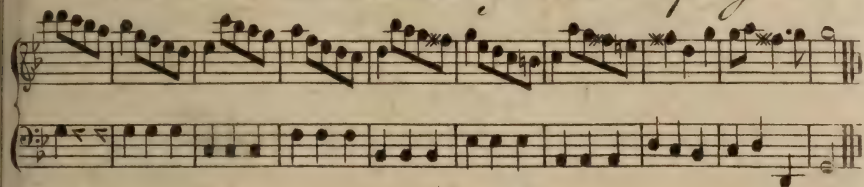


A Favourite Drinking Song





Set to Musick by M.^r Popely



*What trafficking then, would have been on the Main;
For the sake of good Liquor, as well as for Gain;
No Fear, then of Tempest or Danger of sinking,
The Fishes neer drown that are allways a drinking.*

*The hot thirsty Sun would, drive with more haste,
Secure in the Evening of such a Repast;
And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his Nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's Lap.*

*By the force of his Rays, and thus heated with Wine,
Consider how gloriously Phæbus would shine,
What vast Exhalations, he'd draw up on high;
To relieve the poor Earth, as it wanted Supply.*

*How happy us Mortals, when blest with such a Rain,
To fill all our Vessels, and fill 'em again,
Nay even the Beggar, that has neer a Dish,
Might jump in the River, and drink like a Fish.*

*What Mirth, and Contentment, on every ones brow,
Not so great as a Princee, danceing after his plough;
The Birds in the Air, as they play on the Wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.*

*The Stars who I think, dont to drinking incline
Would frisk and rejoyce, at the Fume of the Wine,
And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
That they were as happy, as Mortals below.*

*Had this been the Case, what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still rising, our fancies neer cloy'd,
A Fox then on Neptune, when traw in his pown,
To slip like a fool such a fortunate hour.*



O t Favourite Air

Convent Streams or shady Groves may Celia be confin'd and from the
 quota far remove the happy state unkind let her not range nor
 Pleasure take in Town nothing will give us this shade we seek for Beauty make which
 will not let us live

*Eternal Pains like those of Hell
 Who her admire endure
 She always knows to wound too well
 Yet never works a Cure
 How woud the State the Burden bear
 If in the Throne were seen
 As in Loves Empire we do fear
 A Tyrant for a Queen*



A Favourite Air

I search'd the fields of every kind the fairest flow'r I chose & sent them in a

urra! to bind my Rodo deas Brew My Rodo deas Brew Here

Hyacinthus ting'd wth Blood in Purple Beauty glows there bursting from the

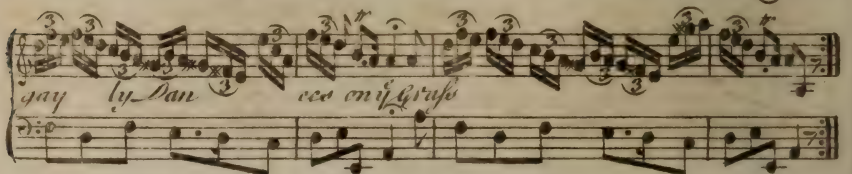
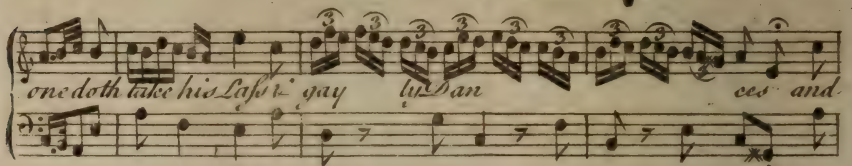
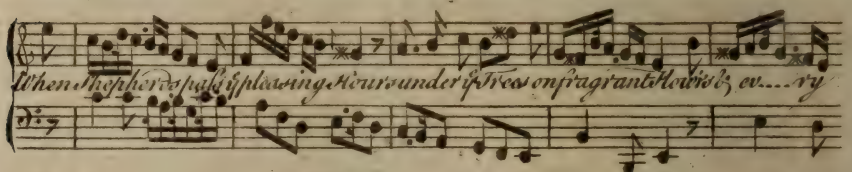
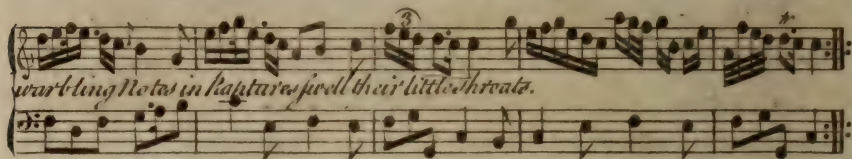
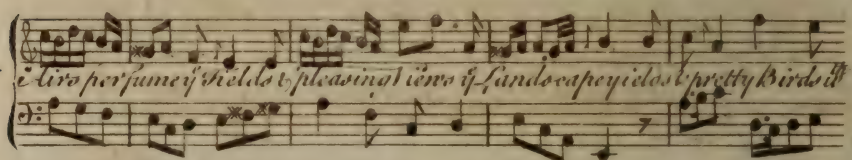
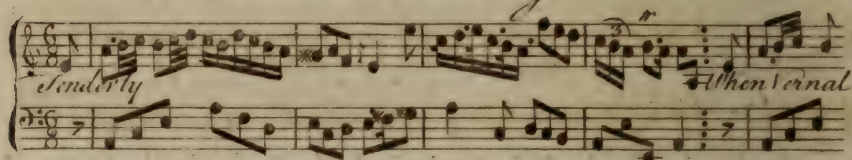
swelling bud appears & blushing Rose there burst'ing from the swelling

bud appears the blushing Rose appears the blushing Rose

*More Violets of Purple Hue
 Chaste Lillies white as Snow
 Narcissus that drink the Dew
 And near the Fountain Blow
 To boast thy Charms when crown'd with those
 Cease cease O beautiful Maid
 Thy Face that Blooms so like the Rose
 Like that alas! will fade.*



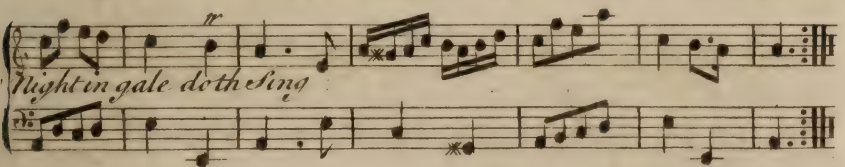
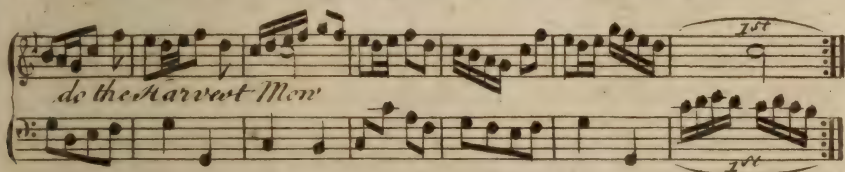
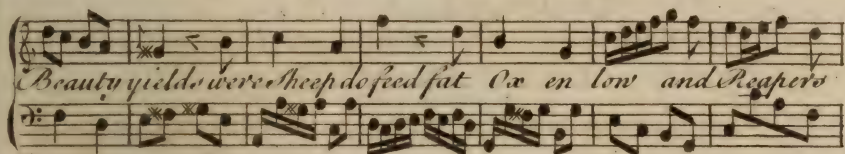
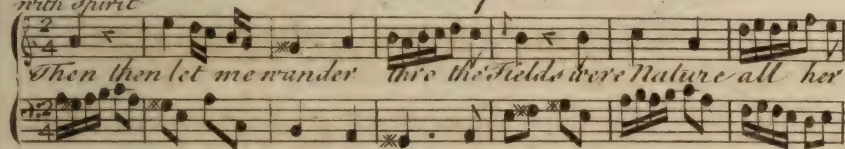
A Favourite Song





Set to e Musick bye M^r Travers

with spirit





The Sky Lark

Moderately Slow & Strong

The Lark her lowly Nest defends were grassy

Tufts conceal her brood there safe she lies when kind descends

And scorns the

Shelter of the Wood & scorns of shelter of the Wood the Shelter

of the Wood



Sung by Signora Grasi

But when the rising Sun displays his
glories on the Mountains brow

Aloft she wars Aloft she fears Aloft she wars Sweetly pays her

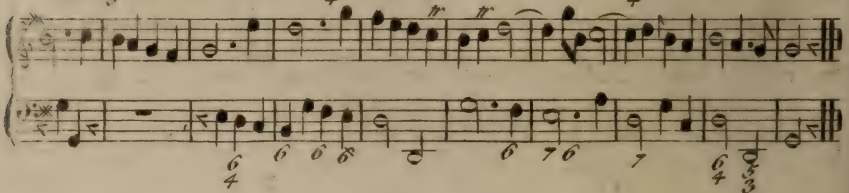
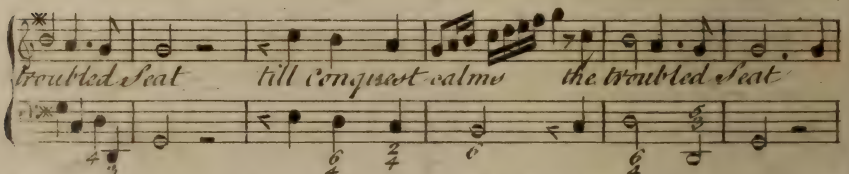
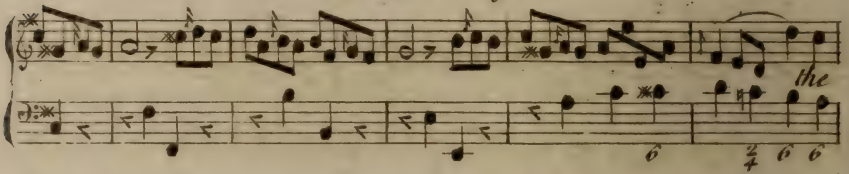
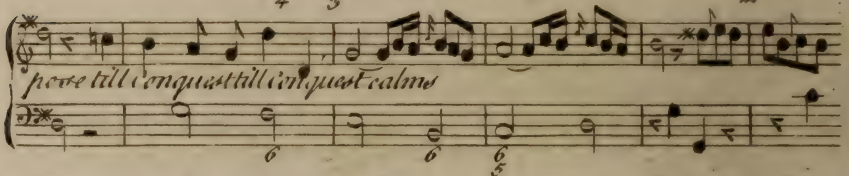
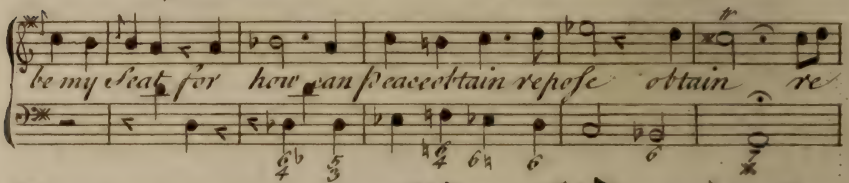
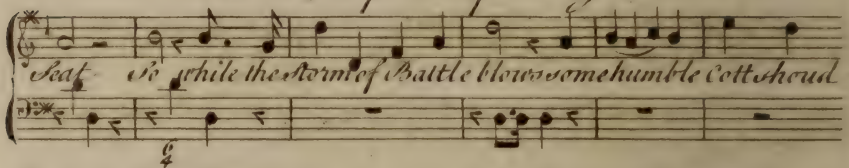
Anthem to the World below So while the

Storm of Battle blows some humble Cott should be my Seat for

how can Peace obtain repose till Conquest till Conquest calms y^e troubles



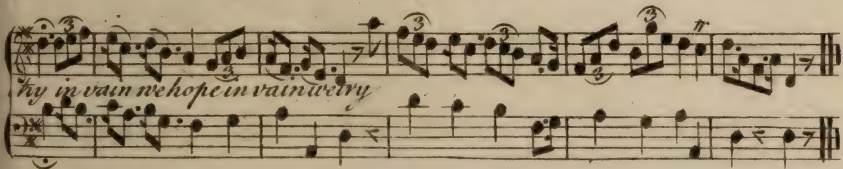
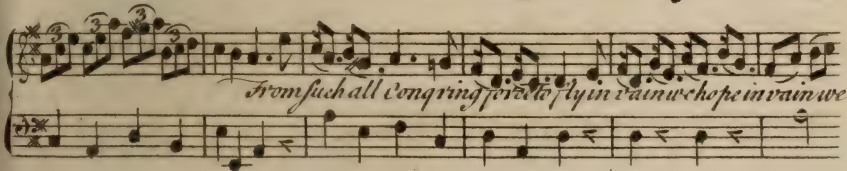
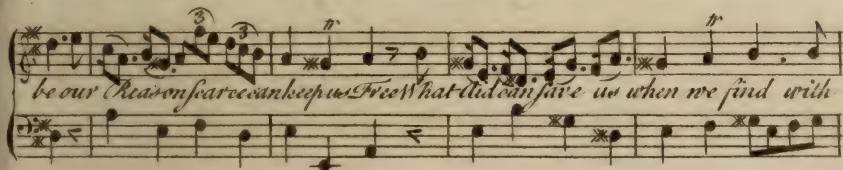
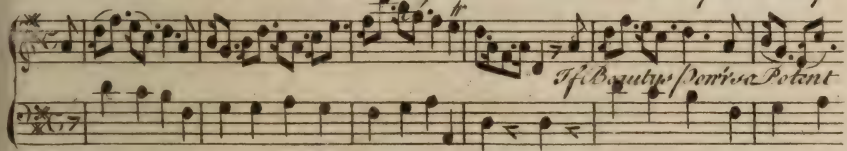
in the Opera of Eliza





A new Song

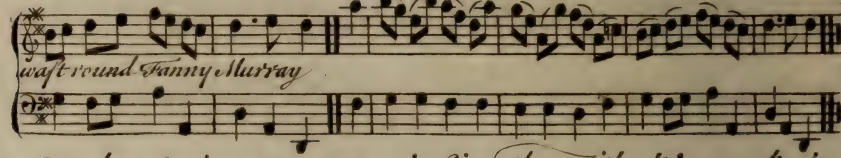
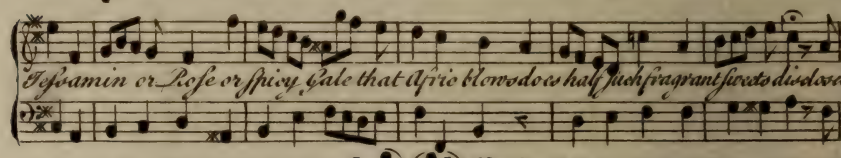
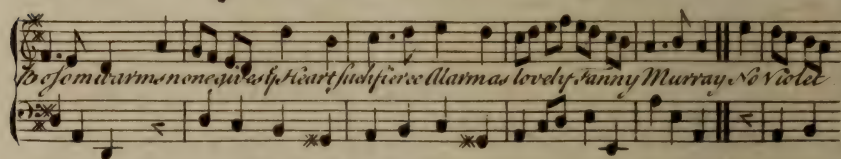
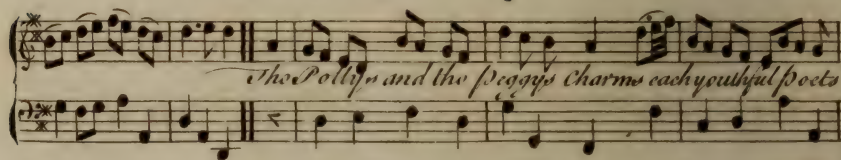
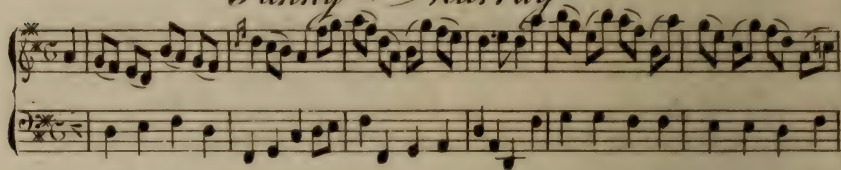
Set by Mr Selby



*Since then Dear Maid that force is thine
 An Heart your Captive I resign
 So you afford a kind retreat
 For higher Bliss it neer will beat
 But dedicate it's future Hours
 To guard those Virtues it adores.*



Fanny Murray



Let other Swains to Courts repair Give others Titles Honours Power
And view each glittering Beauty there The Riches of Potosi's Shore
Tis Art alone makes them so fair I ask not Bawbles I implore
But Nature Fanny Murray The Heart of Fanny Murray

What paint with her Complacien view To part of that of that alone
What Jewels sparkle like her Eyes On Indias Monarch I'd look down
What Hills of Snow so white as Rives A Cot my Palace & my Throne
The Breast of Fanny Murray The Lap of Fanny Murray



The Laps of the Green

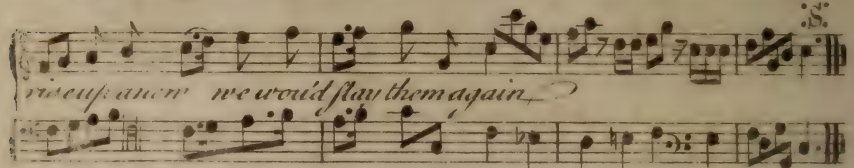
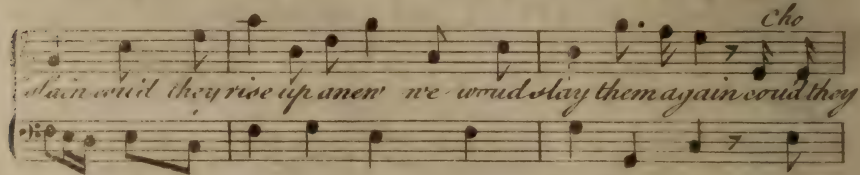
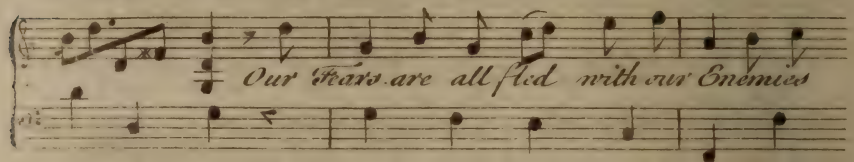
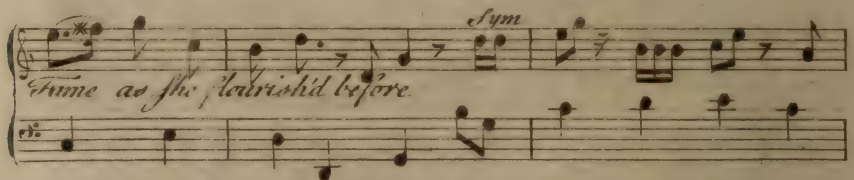
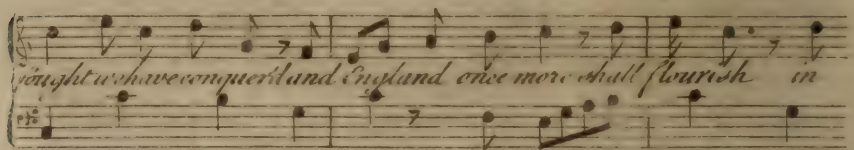
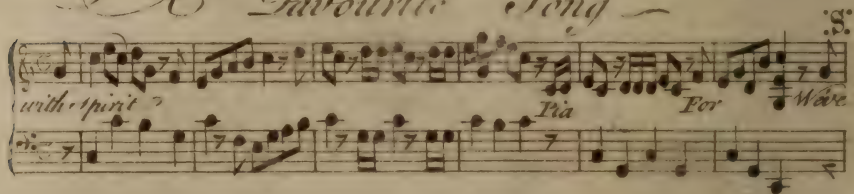
There lives a Laps upon the Green could her Picture draw could
 If her Picture draw A brighter Nymph was never seen ne never yet was seen that
 looks & reigns that reigns & looks and reigns a little Queen & keeps y Swain in
 awe & keeps y Swain in awe and keeps y Swain in awe

Her Eyes are Cupids Darts and Wings
 Her Eyebrows are his Bow
 Her Silken Hair the Silver Strings
 Which sure and swift Destruction brings
 To all the Vale below.

If Pastorellas dawning Light
 Can warm and wound us so
 Her e' soon will shine as piercing Bright
 Each glancing Beam will kill outright
 And ev'ry Swain Subdue.



A Favourite Song





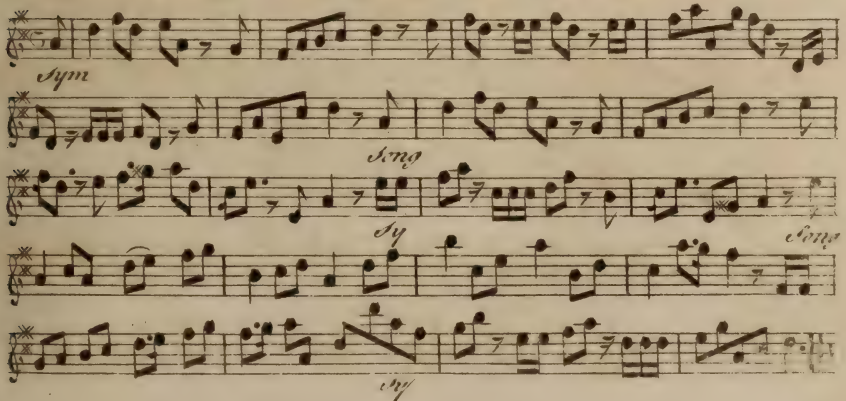
Sung by M^r Beard

*His Monarch to serve or to do himself right
No Englishman ever yet flinch'd from the sight
For why Neighbours all we are free as the King
Tis that makes us brave & that makes us sing.*

*Our Prince too for this may be thankful to fate
It is in our freedom he finds himself great
No force can be wanting nor meaner Court arts
He is Master of all who will reign in our Hearts.*

*Should Rebels within or should Foes from without
Bring the Crown on his Head or his Honour in doubt
We are ready still ready & boldly foretell
That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.*

*And now bring us forth as the Crown of our labour
Much Wine & good Cheer with the Pipe & the Tabor
Let our Nymphs all be kind & our Shepherds be gay
For England Old England is happy to Day.*





Fond Philander

Moderately brisk *As fond philander*

in the pit by fair Ophelia sat, a card by some fly gallery Wit was dropt up

on his hat was dropt upon his hat

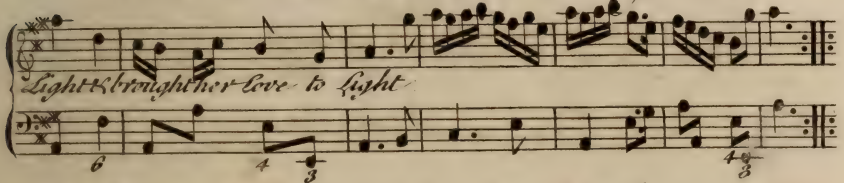
The Nymphs serving snatched it the next but blushing at it

light confess'd it had explain'd her senses brought her love to light

confess'd it had explain'd her senses brought her love to

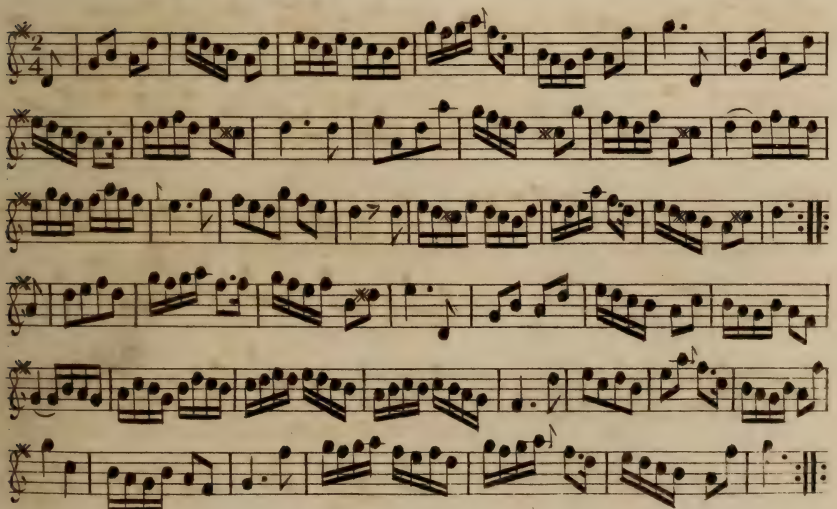


Set to Musick by D'Green



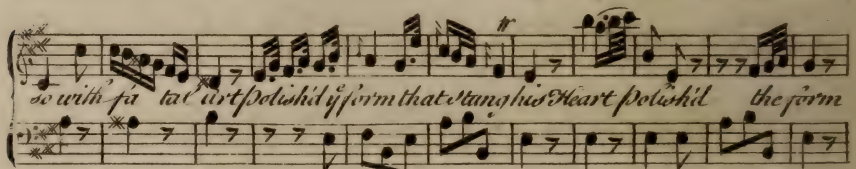
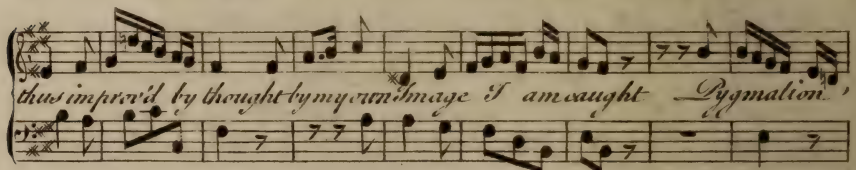
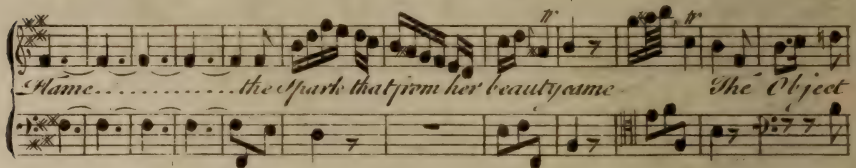
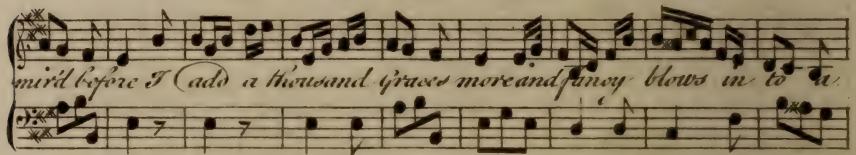
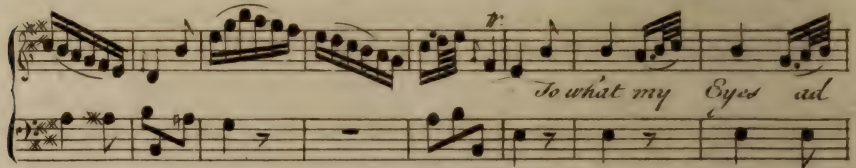
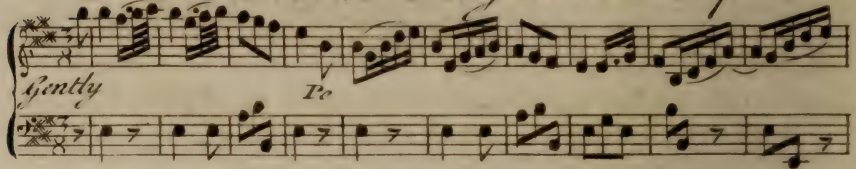
*The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look
 With sudden Rapture Starts
 The Card with Sweet Compulsion took
 And found it King of Hearts
 The King of Hearts! O Fortune blest
 Were I but such he cry'd
 You reign already in my Breast
 She lovingly reply'd.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



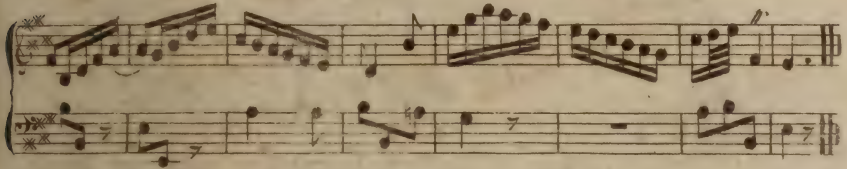
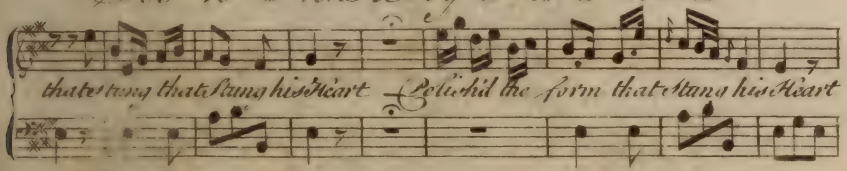


A Favourite Song in the Tempest

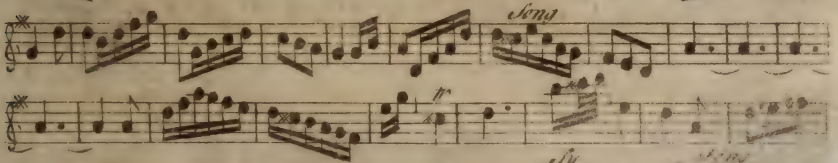




Set to Music by M^r Smith



For the German Flute





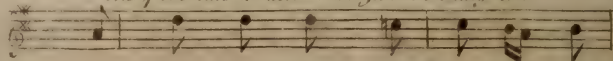
New Song set by Mr. Bauldon

Damon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for Damon but Damon lov'd Au-
 rora young Palamon Palamon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for
 Damon but Damon lov'd Aurora Aurora young Palamon
 Palamon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for Damon but Damon lov'd Aurora Aurora young Palamon

Palamon gave Pastora,
 A Wreath & Shepherd's Crook;
 And Damon gave Aurora
 A Knot and Reaping hook
 Pastora gave to Damon,
 A Cap with Chaplets crown'd;
 Aurora gave Palamon,
 A Pipe with Hazel bound

The Cap with Chaplets crown'd
 Young Damon gave Aurora
 The Pipe with Hazel bound
 Palamon gave Pastora
 The Wreath & Shepherd's Crook
 Pastora gave to Damon,
 The Knot and Reaping hook,
 Aurora gave Palamon

The first line in this stanza to be sung thus



As each truly turn'd their presents went,
 Their love's so oddly vary'd
 That every token which was sent
 No true Design miscarry'd



The Gamester's Song Set by M^r Oswald

Lively

*Good Sir do not start I'll teach you an art by which you will neer mis-
 Tim Be not squeamish or hie to cut cards or cog Dice all y^e World plays the best of the
 Game the game all the World plays y^e best of the Game*

*See how each Profession & trade through y^e Nation
 Will dupe all they can without shame
 Then why should not we in our turn be as free
 All the World plays the best of the Game.*

*The Lawyers of Note who squabble and quote
 Are expecting both riches & fame
 And all is but trick the poor client to nick
 For the Law plays the best of the Game.*

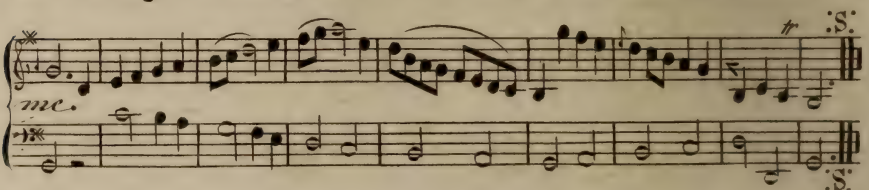
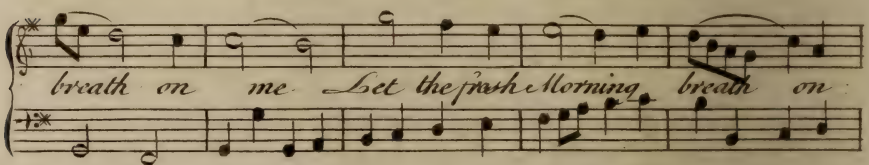
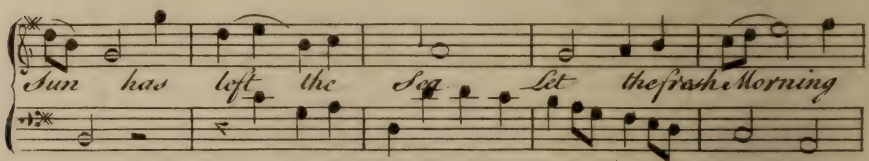
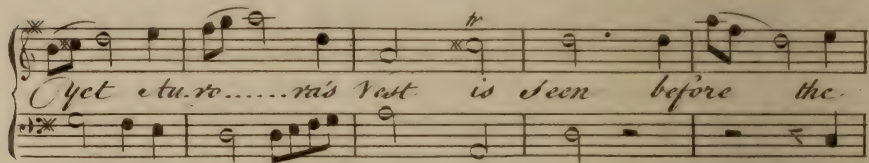
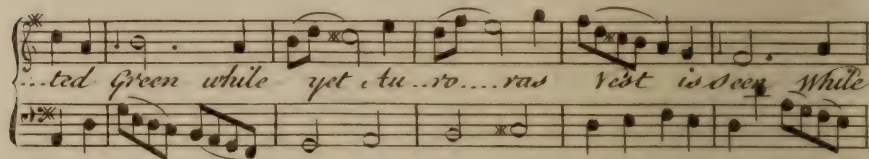
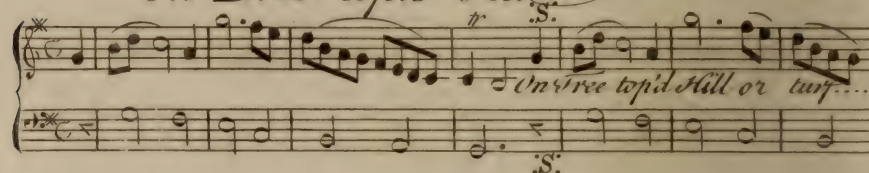
*To gain his base ends each Lover pretends
 To talk of his Darts & his flame
 By which he draws in the poor Maiden to Sin
 Who is left with the worst of the Game.*

*And so the coy Maid with modesty Aid
 To foolish fond Man does the same
 When the fools in the Net the Prude turns Coquette
 And her Spouse has the worst of the Game.*

*Then since the great plan is Cheat who Cheat can
 Pray think not my Notions to blame
 Join Lawyers & Proctors Maids Lovers & Doctors
 All the World plays the best of the Game.*



On Tree top'd Hill





Set to Music by M^r Smith

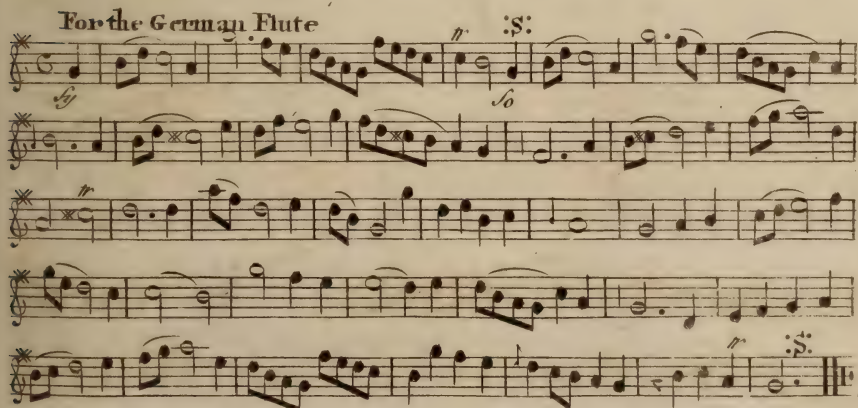
*To surge blown Heath on pasture Mead
Do thou my happy footsteps lead
Then show me to the pleaving Stream
Of which so oft at Night I dream*

*At Noon the mazy Wood I'll tread
With Autumn Leaves and dry Moss spread
And cooling fruits for thee prepare
For sure I think thou wilt be there*

*Till Birds begin their Evening Song
With thee the time seems never long
O let us speak our Love that's past
And count how long it has to Last*

*I'll say eternally and thou
Shall only look as kind as now
I ask no more for that affords
What is not in the force of Words*

For the German Flute





A Favourite Song Sung by M.^{rs} Vernon

Lively

Come Britannia

Fia

shake thy lance plume thyself in martial Pride haste thy glorious shield ad-

vance take again thy gallant stride haste

take again thy gallant stride

For



in the Opera of Eliza

Think oh

Think on all thy noble Story, how thou'lt rouse thee to thy Antient Glory!

Pa $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ *For* $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$

rouse *thee*

Pa $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$

Think oh, think on all thy noble Story, how thou'lt rouse thee to thy

Antient glory!

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$

*Hasten, hasten, hence away,
 All thy martial Ardour show,
 Clad in terrible Array,
 Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry Foe,
 Think, oh think, on all thy noble Story,
 Rouse thee rouse thee to thy Antient Glory.*



A favourite Song Set by M^r Desfach.

Daphne on her Limbs redind thus express'd her angry Mind see the Couplings how they
run pressing all to be undone
Listed now in endless Strife forth they Issue Man and Wife I see un
ruffled often flow are these Calms in Marriage No

*Visionary Scene and vain
 Fancied Joy but real Pain
 'Tis to fight a goodly Flow'r
 But it changes in an hour
 Dian take me to thy Shade
 I with thee will dwell a Maid
 Dear to Courtour Wit or beaute
 When they sue I'll thunder No*

*Thus the Fair in anger spoke
 Gainst poor Hymens rugged yoke
 Cupid in the form of Youth
 Swore he'd prove a Virgins truth
 Every human art he try'd
 Knelt & vow'd & wept & sigh'd
 Must I say Expire in love
 Daphne sigh'd & whisperd No*



Natural Love

Lively

*Ask why the Miser hoards his self or why the Poor lie
tracts the sweets what makes his sick Man wish for health Or change of seasons Cold and
Heat then willing by all try to prove my Charming Delia why I
Love*

Why upwards does y^e Flame aspire Coud I but hope Loves keen at Dart
Why to the North the Needle tend Woud ever make your Bosom burn
Why Nature Courage does inspire And move that Joy frozen heart
Or why the good & bad does blend To mutual Passion in return
Then willingly I'll try to Prove It once you'd see at once you'd prove
My charming Delia why I Love My charming Delia why I Love



A favourite Song Set by W. Handell

Ask if yon damask Rose be
sweet that scents of Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd if you meet if dear Susanna's
fair if dear dear Susanna's fair if dear Susanna's fair Ask if yon damask
Rose be sweet that scents of Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd if you meet if dear Sus
anna's fair if dear Susanna's fair.

For

Why will the Vulture leave his Prey
And warble thro the Grove
Bid wanton Linnet's quit the Spray
Then doubt thy Shepherds Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share
Let Pride in Splendor shine
Ye Bards unenvy'd Laurels wear
Be fair Susanna mine.



Corydon and Delia

Moderate *Can*

Love! Delia still perfect to fly pursuing Love To fly pursuing Love

Can she my passion still resist it's always scornful prove

And always scornful prove

With Sighs and Tears I told my Tale,
 And did it oft repeat,
 But Sighs and Tears will not avail,
 She all my hopes defeat.

Pity my Fate ye Powers above,
 Relax the Fair One's Heart,
 And grant that Delia may in Love,
 With Corydon bear part.



Hamilla or the Raptur'd Lover

lively but not too fast

See See See where my Dear Hamilla smiles *Hamilla Ha-*

millia A lovely charmer *See See See how with all her arts and wiles the*

Loves & Graces arm her *See how with all their arts and wiles the*

Loves & Graces arm her the Love's & Graces ar- *m*

her the loves & Graces arm her



Set to Music by D^r Green

A blush a

blush directly glow on her cheek fair seat of youth's pleasure of youth full pleasure

there love in smiling smiling smiling language speaks there's paradise of joy treasure there

love in smiling smile language speaks there's paradise of joy treasure there's paradise of joy treasure there's paradise

do there's paradise of joy treasure

*O fairest Maid I own thy power
 I gaze I sigh I languish
 Yet ever, ever will adore
 And triumph in my anguish
 But ease O Charmer ease my care
 And let my torments move thee
 As thou art fairest of the fair
 So is the Dearest Love thee*



When all the ATTIC FIRE

Gently *Ria* *For*

When all the Attic Fire was fled & all the

Roman Virtue dead / Poor Freedom lost her Seat / Poor Wisdom lost her

Seat & she Gethio Mantle spread a Night that

damp'd fair Virtue's fading Light / The Muses lost their State the

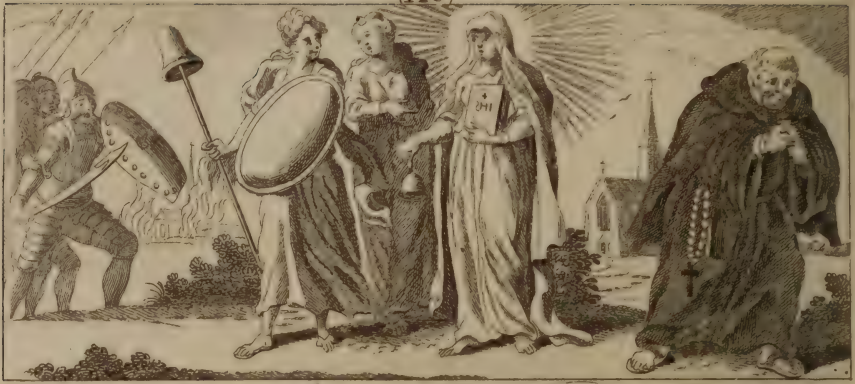
Muses lost their Ma^{ty}



in the OPERA of *ELIZA*

Where should they wander where should they wander what new shore had
Pia yet a Laurel left in store to this blest Isle they steer to
 this blest Isle they steer by
 even the Parnassian choir was heard soon virtue's sacred form appear'd
 and Freedom soon was here and Freedom
 soon was here

Alc



Sung by M^{rs} Vernon

lary Monk has lost his cell Religion rings her hollow'd bell

she calls thee now by me she calls thee now by

me 'Hark' hark hark her sweet

voice all plaintive sounds See See See she receives a

thousand wounds if shielded not by thee if shielded not by

thee

for



Cupid's Power restor'd Set by Mr. Duffield

Ah! luckless Cupid art thou blind cannot thy Bow and Arrows find Why

Another cure the Wanton plays and lays them up for Hollidays But

Cupid mark how kind I'll be Because you once were good to me I'll

arm you with such powerful Darts shall make you once more God of Hearts

*My Cloe's Breast shall be the court,
Where little Loves shall play and sport;
Her snowy Arms shall be thy Bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know;
And of the Ringlets in her Neck
You shall your trembling Bow-strings make,
Then taking Arrows from her Eyes,
Who e'er you shoot at surely dies.*



The Confession Set by M^r Bryan

Tenderly

Lovely, Pearly, charming, mild, kind, gentle, fair and sweet in all thy ways

Thy charms arraid, thou few are found like thee

Thy Image allways fills my Mind the Theme of ev'ry Song I'm fix'd to

thee alone I find but ask not for how long

*The Fair in general I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true?
And when the last my fancy tir'd,
It wander'd round to you?
Then while I can I'll be sincere
As turtles to their mates
This moment yours and mine my Dear,
The next you know is Fate.*



Moderately brisk **JENNY** *A new Song*

No loss on Jam'd the

Perish'd Plains where beaut'full Triumphant reigns O' Jenny can out vie

Her Artless Charms nor Muse can tell nor can I vi

ing Sun Ewell The radiance of her Eyes

Unnumber'd Graces round her move	Be bold my Muse and tell y ^e fair
At once Inspiring awe and love	No dinsel charms can ever enare
How Heavenly is her smile	A Heart that's worth the pains
With what a sweet bewitching main	A short liv'd Flame indeed may raise
Not to be told or safely seen	Which rapid as it grows decays
She can the hours beguile	And scarce a day remains

Good nature chearfulngs Ease	But woud you fix the constant love
Improve y ^e fair ones power to please	Of swains who worth bisence approve
Which no vain pride destroys	Pursue my Jennys plan
While meaner beauties gain by Arts	A ⁿ other way you can succeed
Of vulgar growth y ^e Coxcombs Heart	For tho' you may the Fopling love
She seems the worthless Toys	You'll neer secure the Man

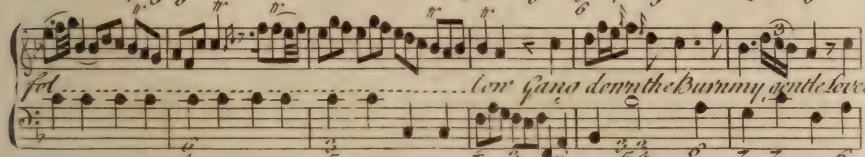
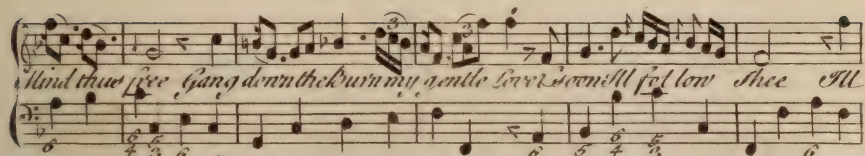


Jockey and Mary A Favourite Song

Moderately

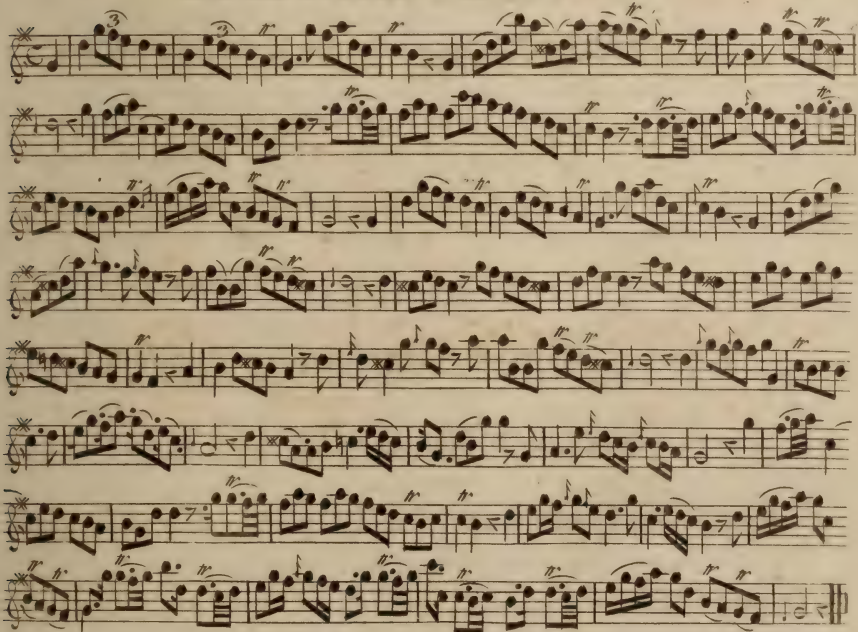
When Treas did bud & Fields were green
 How fair to see When Mary was compleat & young
 Love laugh'd in her Eye
 When Mary was com-
 plete & young Love laugh'd in her Eye
 Jock's look shew'd her heart did move to speak her

Set to a Musick by M^r Arne



Now Tooke we did each find our pass	What pass'd I guess was harmless play
That dwell on this burn side	And nothing sure unmeet
And Mary was a bonny Lass	For ganging home I heard them say
Just meet to be a Bride	They lik'd a walk so sweet
Her Cheeks were rosy red & white	His Cheek to hers he fondly laid
Her Eyes were azure blue	She cry'd sweet Love be true
Her Looks were like Aurora bright	And when a Wife as now a Maid
Her Lips like dropping Dew.	To Death I'll follow you.

For the German Flute -





The ACCIDENT Written by W^r Boyce

Viol 1
Lively

Viol 2^d pia
As tother Day

Viol 2
for

Viol 2
for

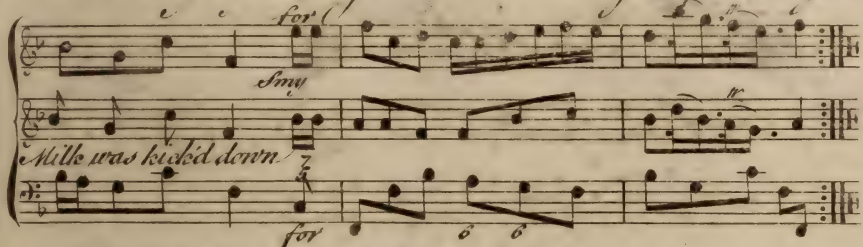
Viol 1 pia
So sudden I started and gave him a frown for he frighted my

for
Cor
And my Milk was kick'd down he frighted my Cow and my

for
4 pia



Sung by Miss Thomas set by Mr. Bryan

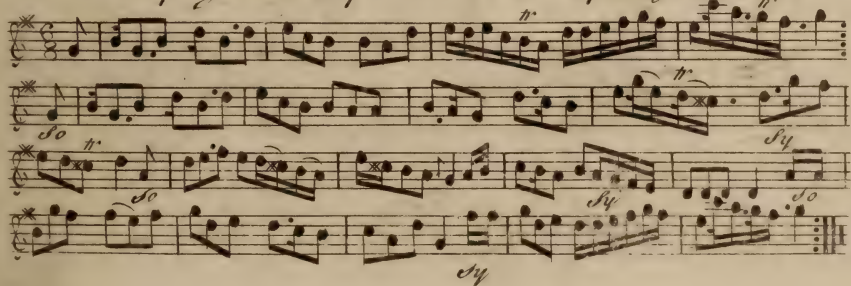


*Lord bless me! says I what the Duce can you mean,
To come thus upon one, unthought of unseen,
I ne'er will approve of the Love you pretend,
For as Mischief begins—perhaps Mischief may end.*

*I little thought now he'd his passion advance
But pretty Excuses made up the Mischance;
He begg'd a kind Kiss which I granted I vow,
And I laid my own self the whole fault on the Cow.*

*How many ways Love can the Bosom invade,
How art provid' too strong for an Innocent Maid,
He hinted that Wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best—to say nothing to that.*

*I flutter all over when e'er he comes nigh,
For if he should press I shall surely comply;
And ne'er shall be angry my Heart itself tells,
Tho he flings down my Milk—or does any thing else.*





Chloe Sleeping set by Mr. Abington

Slowly

Be still ye Winds Chloe asleep ye murmuring Waters gentle
 Glide ye mossy Banks your Verdure keep ye Flowers aspear in
 all your Bride ye mossy Banks your Verdure keep ye Flowers aspear in
 pear in all your bride

Raise, raise ye Songsters of the Grove Morphew strewn the poppies round,
 To harmony your little throats In laden sleep confine her fast,
 Each wish, each latent passion move Her Mantles loose her locks unbound
 With all your thrilling amorous Notes Ye Graces revel round her Waist.

Your leafy Arms, ye Branches spread, Suspicious Cupid guide me there,
 And with y^e Elms & Oaks entwine O lay me gently on her Breast,
 Whilst fragrant dew drop on her head Tis done & thee all charming fair,
 From Rose buds to the Eglantine, I sleep unknowing is possess'd.

High revelling in vast delight,
 Panting, sighing, dead I seem'd,
 Strephon she cry'd, wak'd in a fright,
 'Tis you, O Lord, I thought I dream'd.



Damon and Celia Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

Moderate *Do Celia*

thus find Damon said where am I spy Carpets spread & then her hand he prest and
 then her hand he prest & free from the Worlds enquiring Eye here
 lurks my Dⁿ no bu oy spy He look'd He look'd He look'd & sigh'd & rat

She started with a faint Surprise	Then by a thousand Kisses more
While Pleasure sparkling in her Eyes	A thousand tender Oaths he swore
Sure Damon does not mean	His Love should never end
The shepherd stopt her with a kiss	She call'd on ev'ry Pow'r above
And claspt her panting Breast to his	None heard her but the God of Love
My Dear we are not seen	And he was Damons Friend

And is their then no help she said
 By Damon thus to be betray'd
 Then hung her Head and blush'd
 Oh Damon Damon yet be good
 The shepherd smild and swore he would
 She sigh'd and all was hush'd



O Advice to Cloris

Moderato /y Brisk

Cloris it is not in our power to say how long our
 Love will last it may be within this hour may lose the joy we now may waste
 the blessed Immortal be from change in love are on ly free

And tho' you now Immortal seem Then since we Mortal Lovers are
 such is the exactness of your frame Let's question not how long it will last
 Those that your Beauty so esteem But while we Love let us take care
 Will find it cannot last y same Each Minute be with pleasure past
 Love from your Eyes has stolen my sin It were a Madness to deny
 As apt to waste and to expire To live because we're sure to dye

Fear not tho' Love and Beauty fail
 My Reason shall my heart direct
 Your kindness now will then prevail
 And Passion turn into respect
 Cloris at worst you'll in the End
 But change your Lover for a Friend



Chloes Power Set by M^r Cerni Jun^r

2^d Flow

God forbear your dart seek not to wound a dying Heart

At Chloes parting sighs her aching eye turn to her conquering Eyes

From her Deaths such a pleasing pain | *You and the little Loves all fly*
I wish to live to dye again | *To light their Torches at her Eye*
With Joy to him the Blow is given | *By her alone loves Empire thrive*
That has so near a prospect of his Heart | *This Vastal keeps loves sacred fire alive*

Then Chloe tis not strange that you
Weake Mortals yielding Hearts sub due
Since you another Venus prove
And give new being to the God of Love

And give new being to the God of Love



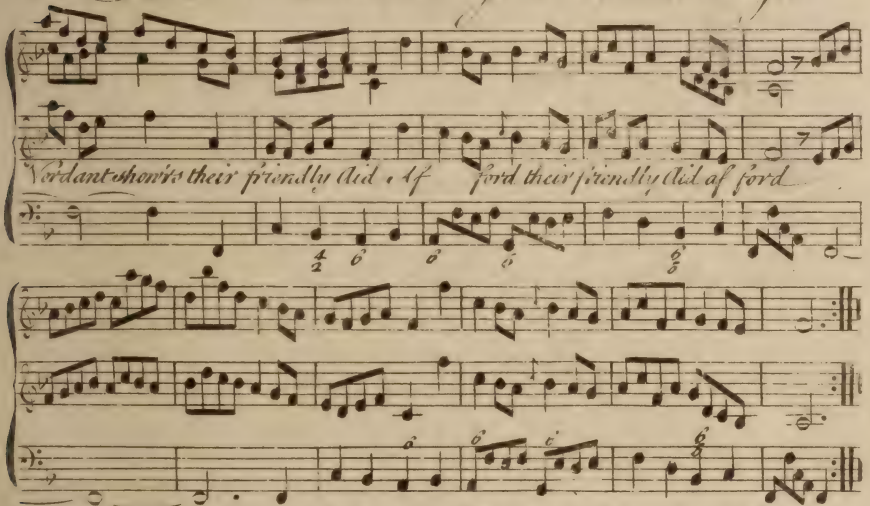
O Favourite Song in Compass of the Ger Flute

Moderately

Come Damsel come Oh! haste away now Youthful Spring
 peeps And Phoebus with resplendent Ray relenting Nature Cheers See
 Verdant Pannus y Richer Bonnet by general Warmth restor'd! whole soft refreshing



Set to e Music by an Eminent Master



Verdant shows their friendly did, if ford their friendly did of ford

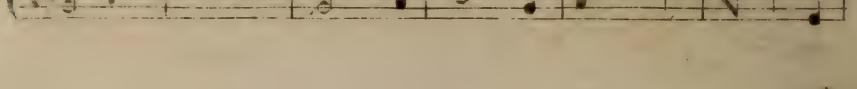
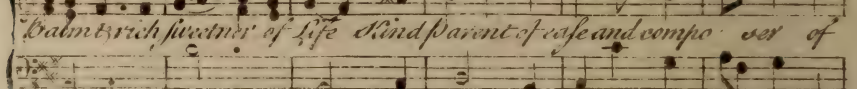
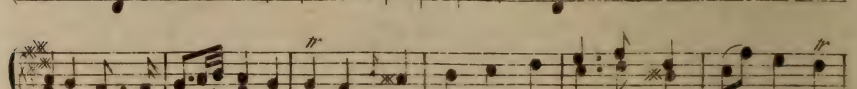
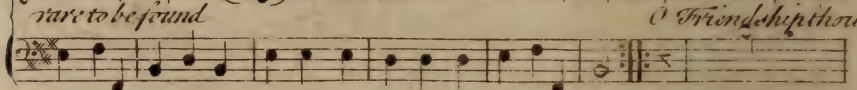
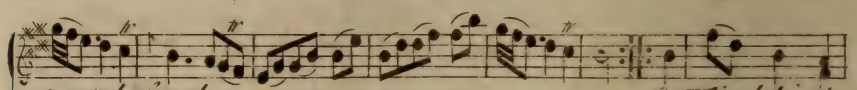
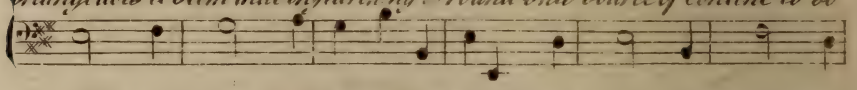
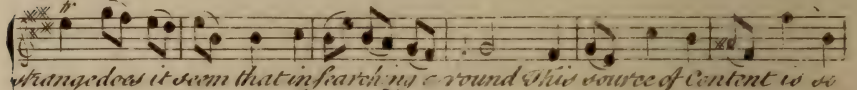
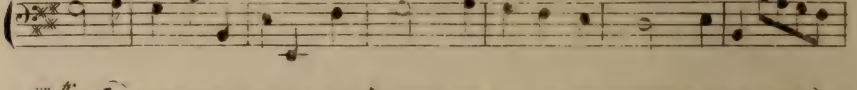
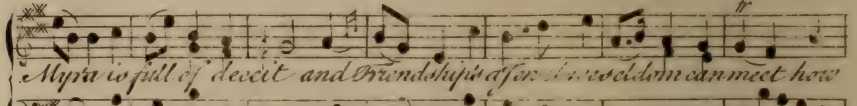
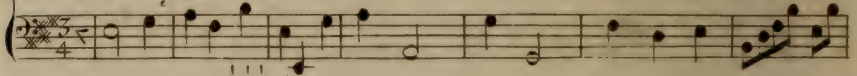
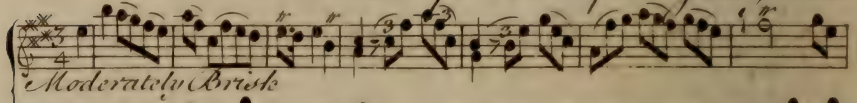
<i>As when worn down with toils & cares</i>	<i>the chattering Thrush with pleasing Note</i>
<i>We gentle Sleep require,</i>	<i>and wisdoms in the Morn;</i>
<i>Indulgent sleep our wants repairs,</i>	<i>And gently swells his tuneful throat</i>
<i>And does new life inspire,</i>	<i>That season to a Morn,</i>
<i>For winter frosts are chased away,</i>	<i>Soon as the Sun begins to rise,</i>
<i>By Sol's enlivening power,</i>	<i>The warbling Larks repair,</i>
<i>Which kindly o'er all Nature strays,</i>	<i>And soaring mount to distant skies</i>
<i>Reverses each plant & flower,</i>	<i>And sport in fields of life.</i>

<i>The Primrose sweet & Cowslip too</i>	<i>Midst lonely Woods & silent thorns</i>
<i>Bedeck the lowly green,</i>	<i>When Sol in West retreats,</i>
<i>Where ere we turn & take a view,</i>	<i>In plaintive notes poor Philomel,</i>
<i>Kind nature's smiles are seen,</i>	<i>And evening lute repeats,</i>
<i>In wanton play sportive Lambs</i>	<i>Shin well together every Day</i>
<i>On meadows fresh & green,</i>	<i>O'erflowing Meadows rove,</i>
<i>Or feeding with their bleating Dams,</i>	<i>Or whilst soft gentle Zephyrus play</i>
<i>There choicest grass explore,</i>	<i>Frequent the shady Grove.</i>

*There we will tell sweet tales of love
 There Cupids force I'll own,
 I'll wake each gentle power above,
 My bliss with thee to crown,
 As from each harm, the careful swains,
 Secure their flocks care,
 So will kind heav'n while life remains,
 Preserve a faithful pair.*



On Friendship Set by Wth John Gerrard



Strife without thee a loss what are riches and pow'r but empty delusi- on

The joys of an Hour But empty de

lusion the joys of an hour

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our Joys, when extend'd, will always increase,
 And Griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace,
 When Fortune is smiling, what Crowds will appear,
 Their readiness to offer and Friendship sincere;
 Yet change we but the prospect, and paint out Distress,
 No longer to quit you they eagerly press.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Wit and Beau

Moderately Quick (With)

every Grace Young Stephen chose his Per son to adorn,

his Person to adorn

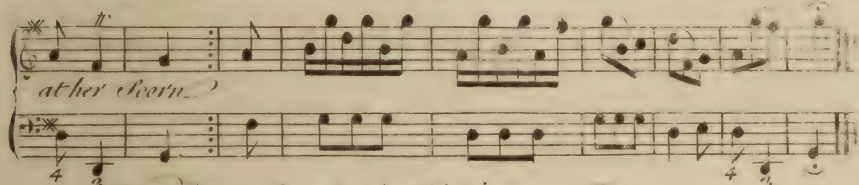
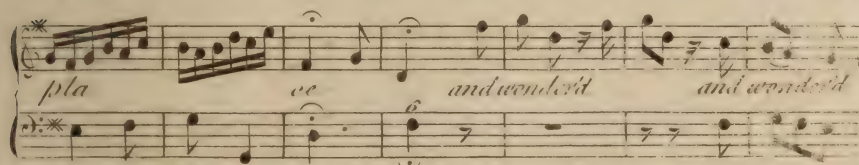
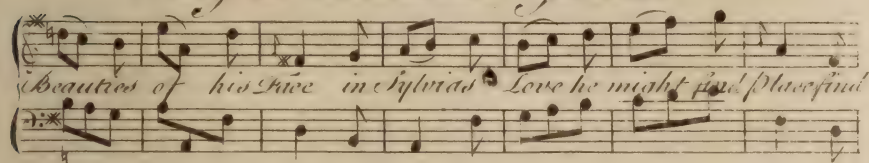
That by the Beauties of his Face in Sylvi as

Love he might find Place, and wonder'd,

and wonder'd at her scorn, That by the



Sung at the Publick Gardens



*With Darts & smiles he did his part
But oh! 'twas all in vain
A Youth like him a Youth of Art
Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
And woud not out again.*

*With Change of Habits Strephon propos'd
And urg'd her to Admire
His Love alone the other Drest
As verse or prose became it best
And mov'd her soft Desire.*

*This found his Courtship Strephon ends
Or makes it to his Glasse
There in himself now seeks Amends
Convinc'd that were a wile Pretends
A Beau is but an Ass.*



AN ODE & Address'd to a Lady set by M^r. Abington

brisk

The Bird that

prently limps, wing flies, with caution, hunts the school boys, birds, but we who would be

Thought more wise, want humbly time, swags for our sex

Female, find our hearts to men, are to gramma, science to to span, the study'd look the

fashion'd Air, Oh Shame can conquer God like Man

To with the feeling social breast, When, Nature, kind, arrests her skill,
And calm the noisy World's alarms, And frames a heavenly Face & When
To welcome Rapture's Powers Rest, How vain to contradict her Will,
With Beauty soft endearing charms, Ah! let the Angel still be seen,
By native power of Face and Mind, Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid,
To be at once both blest and blest, But ever brightens in the good,
For this is Gods the fair design'd, Believe me Nature never made,
And not to patch, to paint & drefs, A gay Coquette or formal Prude,

The Glare of tinsel Vanity,
The mental Eye may chance approve;
But sense & heav'n-born Modesty,
Must win the Soul, the Seat of Love,
The blooming Maiden whom these adorn,
With pity views her Saviour's Son,
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
These Virtues shine in the O Molly!



The Fond Lover • Sung by • W. Lowe at Vaux Hall

Brisk

Dear Cloe come give me sweet Kisses for neeter no Girl ever gave but
 why in the midst of my Blisses do you ask me how many I'd have
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure then prithee (dear Cloe) be kind for
 since I love thee beyond measure to number I'll neer be Confind

Count the Bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the Flow'rs that enamil the Fields,
 Count the Flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many Stars are in Heav'n,
 Go number the Sands on the Shore,
 And when so many Kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold Thee,
 A Heart which (dear Cloe) is thine,
 In my Arms I'd for ever enfold Thee,
 And briest round thy Neck like a Vine,
 What Joy can be greater than this is,
 My life on thy Lips shall be spent,
 But the Wretch who can number his Kisses,
 Will allways with few be content.



Lucy,

Written by M^r Green

Lively

Of all the nymphs that

tript the Green fair Lucy bore the Sway Joy in each Shepherd's

look was seen her presence made them gay

to among the admiring restles rising Charms survey'd

Sym

T



• Set to Music by M^r Bryan

gaz'd but little thought my Breast by gazing was be tray'd I

gaz'd but little thought my Breast by gazing was be tray'd

But since I've heard with sweet Surprise
 Her pleasing Voice & Strain,
 Resolv'd my Rebel Heart denies,
 With me more to remain,
 Farewell my Heart since then you'll go,
 Farewell too late you'll find,
 Fair Lucy's Charms don't stoop so low,
 As your fond Tale to mind.

Tr

Sym

Sym



If Love's a sweet Passion

Tenderly *pia* *for*

If love's a sweet passion how can it torment if bitter *O*

tell me *whence comes my content since I suffer with pleasure why*

should I complain Or grieve at my fate since I know 'tis in

vain sym- *song* *Yet too pleasing the*

Pain is so soft is the Dart *That at*

for *pia*

Set to Music by M^r Baillon

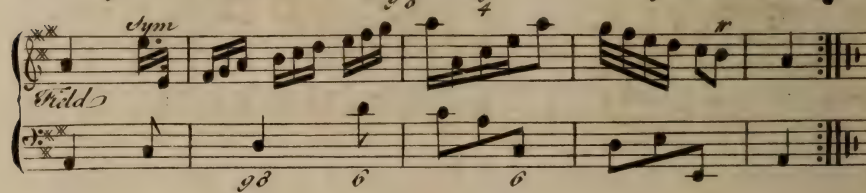
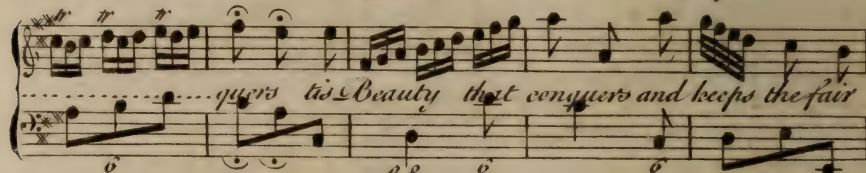
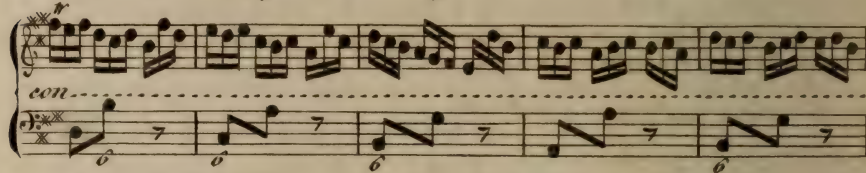
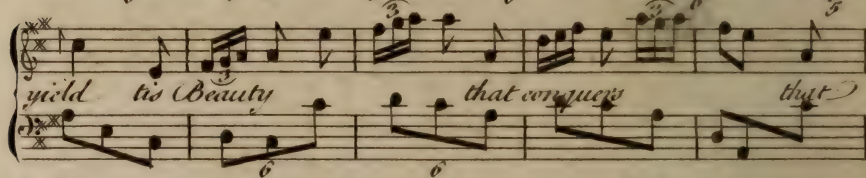
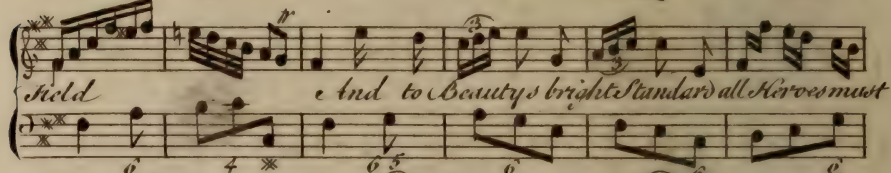
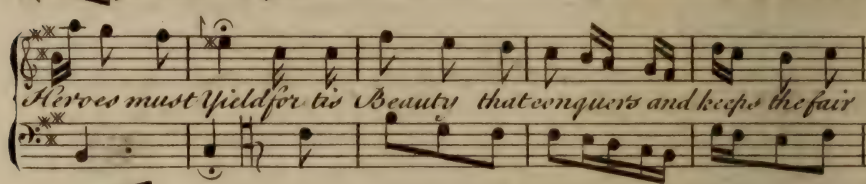
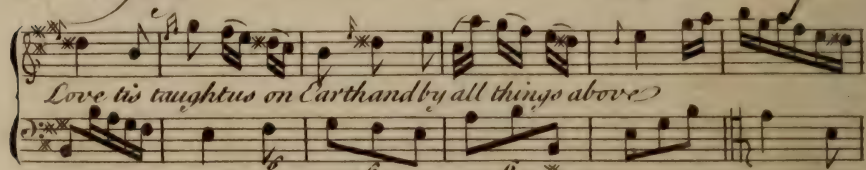
once it both wounds me & tickles my Heart at once it both
wounds me and tickles my Heart

*I grasp her Hand gently look languishing down
And by passionate silence I make my love known
But oh how I'm blest when so kind she does prove
By some willing Mistake to discover her love
When in striving to hide she reveals all her Flame
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.*

Not too fast *pass*
for

How pleasing is Beauty how sweet are the Charms how delightful Em
braces how peaceful her Arms so rather nothing so easy as Learning to

Sung by M^{rs} Lowe at the Theatre Royal





A Favourite Air

Moderately Brisk *Thill's we dont grieve that Nature*

forming you has done her part and in ev' r'ing single feature shon'd it utmost of her

Art *shon'd the utmost of her Art*

But in this it is pretended all the cruel grievance lies that your Heart shon'd be

And while you wound us with your Eyes *That your Heart shon'd be de*

pendent while you wound us with your Eyes

<i>Loves a senseless Inclination</i> <i>Where no Merits to be found</i> <i>But is just where kind compassion</i> <i>Gives us balm to heal the Wound.</i>	<i>Perzians paying solemn Duty</i> <i>To the rising Sun inclin'd</i> <i>Never would adore his Beauty</i> <i>But in hopes to make him kind.</i>
--	--



Sung by Miss Young in the Opera of Eliza

Slow *for*

Where the primrose decks the well where the moon-eyed fairies dwell near the

Solitary thorn there I hail the gray-eyed morn where the brook slow winding

glides round y^e mountains' sterile sides there my vagrant footsteps stray till the

fervant noon of day *Sym.* *very soft*

*O'er the spreading Lawn and Vale,
Through the Copse I chant my tale;
Nor the shady thicket leave,
Till bright Vesper brings the Eve,
While the Village Milk-maid sings,
While the solemn Curfew rings,
While the plowman whistles home,
Ah! how pensive do I roam.*



Stephen & Chloe

Beneath a beech as a shepherd laid reclined on Chloes Breast she blisht &

thus & gentle Maudher tender fear her tender fear confest

Wanton Shepherd prithe

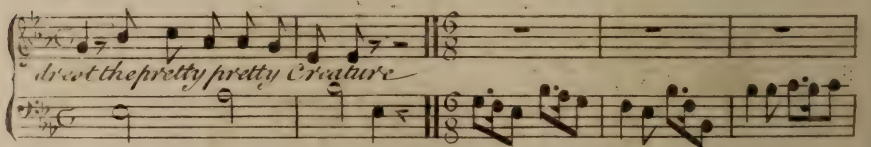
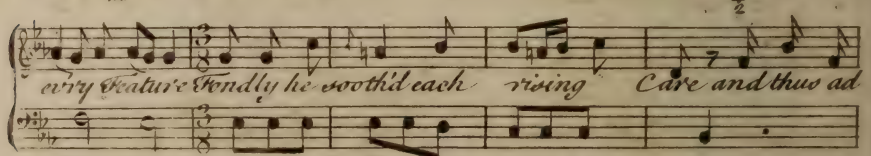
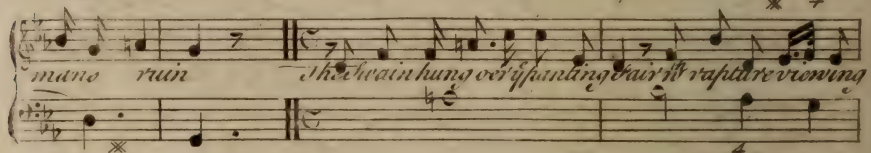
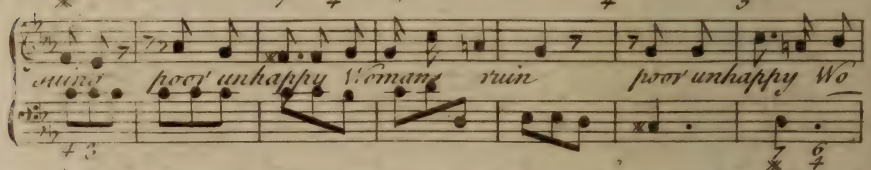
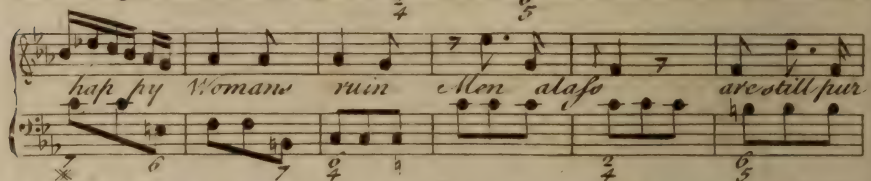
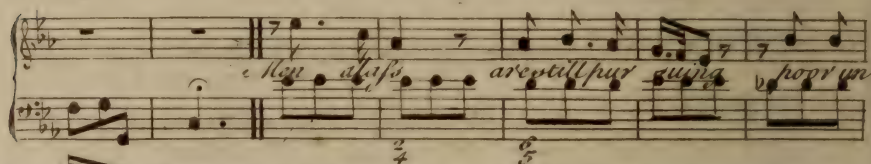
leave me you but Court me to deceive me you but court me to deceive me

you but court me to deceive me Prithe leave me wanton

Shepherd you but court me to deceive me you but court

me to deceive me you but court me to deceive me

A favourite Cantata



Set to Musick by D^r Green

Heart & Eyes lo! I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise

lo! I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise is this Nature

or disguise. Chloe I can ill dissemble

you may trust our Heart & Eyes you may trust my Heart & Eyes lo! I lan-

guish I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise

is this Nature or disguise

But these symptoms tell me true are perhaps unknown to you are perhaps un-

known to you these symptoms tell me true are perhaps unknown to you



Sung by M^r Beard and Miss Young

Oh we neither can dissemble we may trust our Hearts & Eyes,

Oh we neither can dissemble,

Lo! I languish burn & tremble lo! I languish burn & tremble,

we may trust our Hearts & Eyes, lo! I languish burn & tremble, lo! I languish

Nature triumphs o'er disguise Nature tri- umphs o'er disguise Nature

Nature triumphs o'er disguise Nature tri- umphs o'er disguise Nature

triumphs o'er disguise, I tremble I languish burn & tremble lo! I languish burn &

triumphs o'er disguise I languish I languish burn & tremble lo! I languish burn &

tremble Nature tri- umphs o'er disguise Nature triumphs o'er disguise

tremble Nature tri- umphs o'er disguise Nature triumphs o'er disguise



A New Song,

the
other Day to grief betray'd by Jockeys cold Disdain, I sought a cooling conscious shade to
soothe my amorous Pains, and on a limpid
Rivers brink beneath spreading trees, where birds & flocks resort to drink, I lay'd the
fanning Breeze where birds & flocks resort to drink, I lay'd the fanning Breeze

The birds to tell their little loves, Soon was my airy sense suppress'd
All strand their warbling throats, In leaden slumbers stole
And Echo answer'd through the grove, Each care was laid within my breast
The modulated Notes, And sleep inform'd the whole
The meads & lawns in motley dyes, Nether thought while thus I lay reclind
Diffus'd their sweets around, The keeper of the plain
And various beauties met my eyes, Cry'd Phillis calm thy tortur'd mind
Along the enamell'd ground, For Jockey's thine again

Then starting at so sweet a sound
With rapturous joys in view
So soon my self awake I found
And on my shepherd ston
Think fair ones how surpris'd was I
How shocking it must seem
To find no Jockey had been by
And all my bliss a dream

Stephon & Cara. A Dialogue

Cura

Cara

Oft I have with Wonder seen Blooming Nymphs & Jolly Swains

Handwritten musical score for a song. The title is "Oft I have with Wonder seen Blooming Nymphs & Jolly Swains". The music is written on two staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is in bass clef with a 3/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the second staff. The word "Cara" is written above the first staff. The music features various note values, rests, and a repeat sign in the second staff.

Sing and trip it o'er the Green then bowail thier inward Pains

6 4 3

Strophon say for I am told you the Secret can Impart

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "Whence the Changes I behold". The score is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves: "whence the Changes I behold Cold and motionless my Heart". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The handwriting is in a cursive style, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

Strephon

Have you, Sara never read,
Of a blind, Mischievous Elf:
Gods and Men his power dread;
Nay, sometimes he wounds himself

Of the Urchin I have heard,
Of his sharp, unvenom'd dart,
How I may always guard,
Cold motionless my Heart?

I gain my precepts to disquaint,
 I'll raise an amorous Flame,
 Nail with patience my true Nail,
 & play in all the game,
 I'll go Part to you three around,
 I'll be as high as without art,
 I'll be as high as the fatal wound,
 I'll be as high as the unfractured heart

Cara

Part, & Pains, & Flames, & Wounds
Whence do all these Mischiefs spring
These are strange Mysterious sounds
Fire heard, & Firenells sing,
& Quadrill seen Mamma play,
Eskaykun exert his Art;
Some faint Pleasure these convey,
Cold & motionless my Heart.

Stephon

Card in thy tender Breast;
Perwell, treasur'd up remains;
Ours if first adieu to Part
Stuffed, greater are the pains.
Whence view if you would learn
Whence proceeds the am'rous Part

{Too, too well} I can discern
 {my} {you} {ah}
 {Ah} {here} frail {your} fluttering heart



The Comparison Set by Mr Travers

Moderately slow



<i>But when with noontide rays he shines</i>	<i>But when at midday gayly drops</i>
<i>The glaring Light we shun,</i>	<i>The Gold & Gems you shine,</i>
<i>It hurts our feeble Eyes to view</i>	<i>The splendor of y^e Sun is far:</i>
<i>The Sun's Meridian.</i>	<i>Less dangerous than thine.</i>

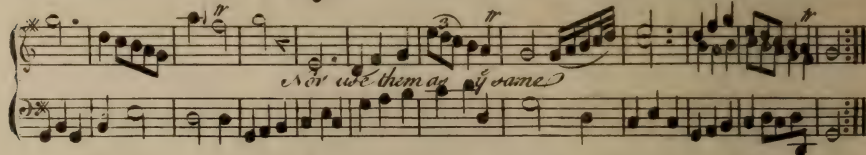
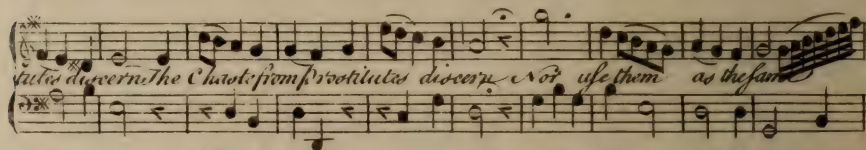
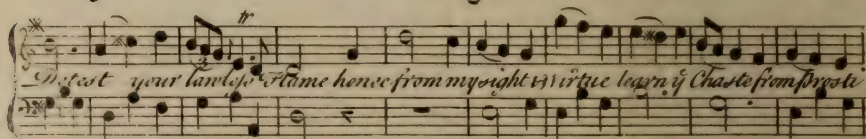
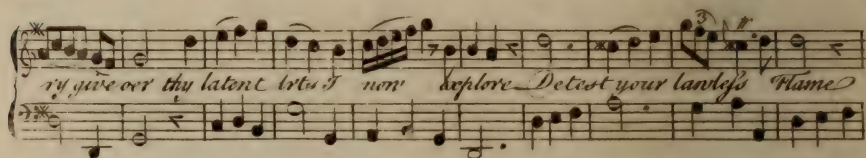
<i>Thus when in wrapping down you rise</i>	<i>We must be more than Man that dare</i>
<i>To fence the Mornings Cold</i>	<i>To view a face so Bright,</i>
<i>'Tis perfect Rapture to approach</i>	<i>For he will loose both Eyes & Heart</i>
<i>You're Heav'n to behold.</i>	<i>With the too Glorious Sight.</i>

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





The Maiden's Advice Set by W^r Holmes



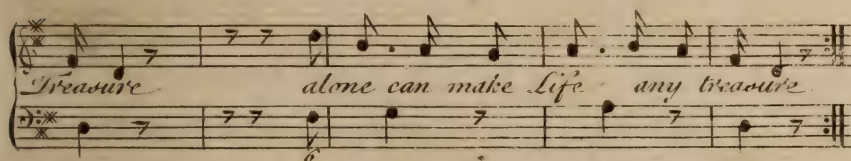
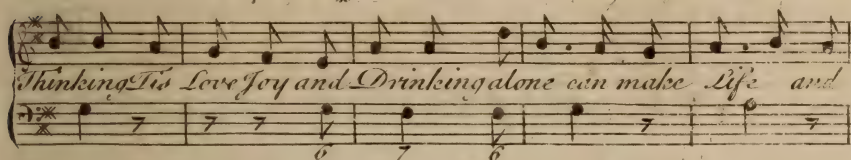
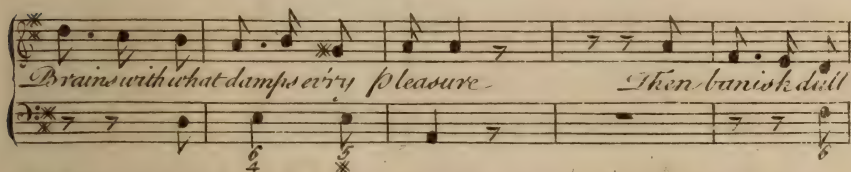
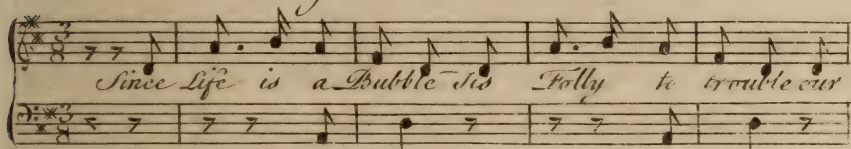
You say an Angel I appear,
As ere why do you not revere,
Shed not my ruin thus
Brittons their Females should raped
From Foreign Injults them protect
And they'd be blest'd by us.

You wou'd you lov'd me more than life
But yet refus'd me for your Wife,
When I seem'd to comply
Love is a pure and sacred Fire,
Yours but a sensual desire,
Which you would gratify.

The Precept learn which I impart,
Ne'er strive to gain a Virgins Heart,
Only to please your will,
Have nobler thoughts of the fair Sex,
Your Actions let them ne'er perplex,
For chaste are Women still.



The Jovial Fellow

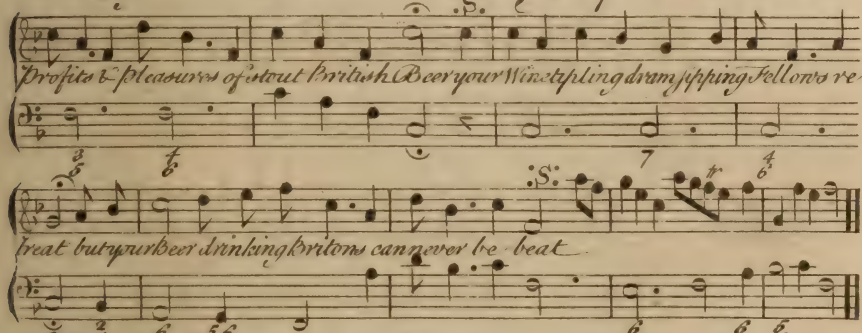


Since our time is so Short	Here's Gold & Wisers Stiffle
We'll grasp ev'ry Sport	And hoard the gay Trifle
And still let's be frolick & Gay	But we'll make if Slave to its Duty
Why should we incurber	It only Dispenoes
With cares our vain Slumber	True blis to our Seneco
'Tis wisdom to live whilst we may	When it purchas'de's &ectar & Beauty

Then push round the Glas
 The soft melting Laps
 Succeeds it to make you more blast
 Our Joys shall be common
 In wealth Wine and Woman
 Each pleasure of Life is possest

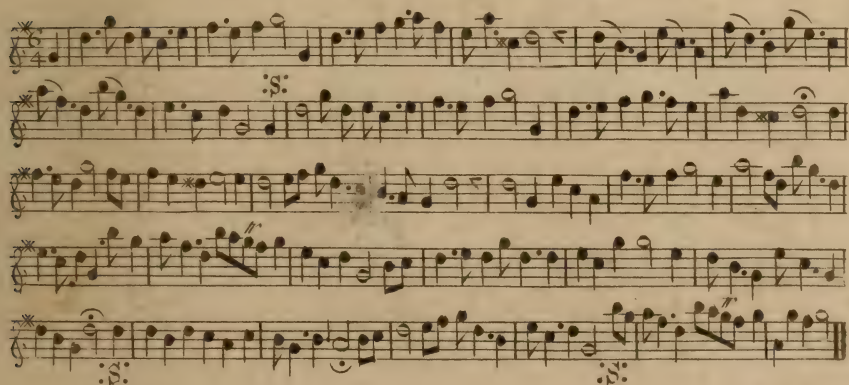


Set by M^r Arne & Sung by M^r Beard



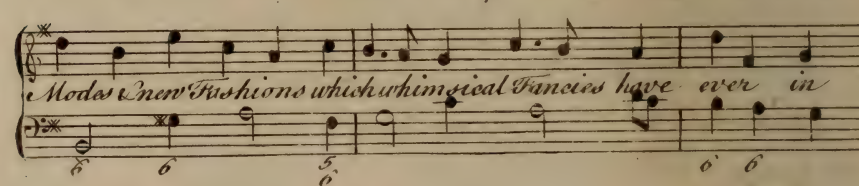
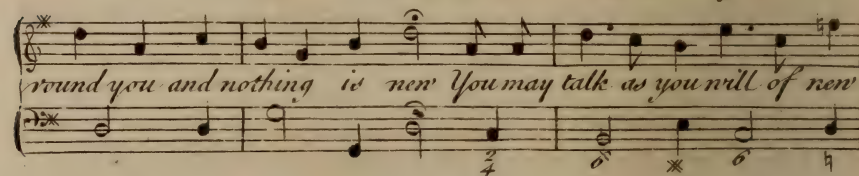
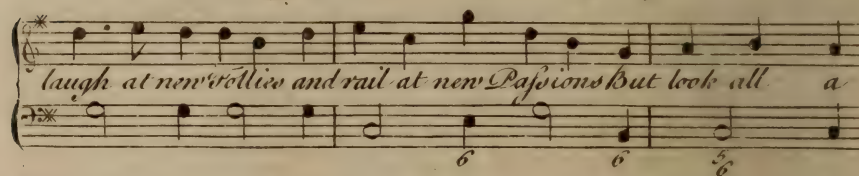
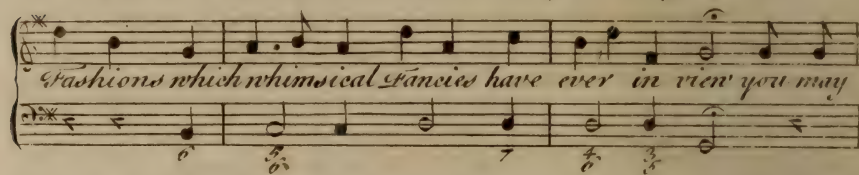
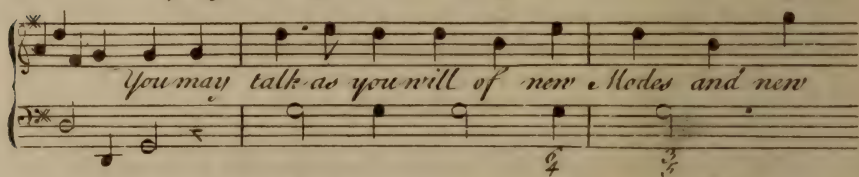
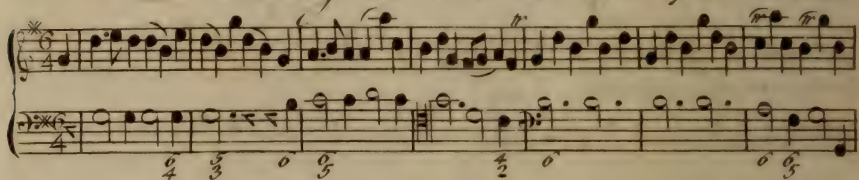
The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeazing of half ripin'd Fruit;
But we who have Hop-grounds to Mellow our Ale
Are Romy & Plumpiana have Freedom to Boot,
Let us sing our own Treasure &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus Arm'd with our poles,
Well bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jaws ring,
For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking Britons are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their Country & King,
Let us sing our own Treasure &c.





Nothing New the Words by M^r Wordsdale



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne

rien! You may laugh at new Follies and rail at new
 Passions But look all around you and nothing is new
 nothing nothing nothing is new

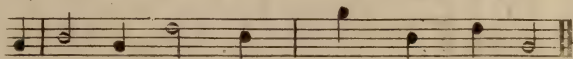
That Virgins are whimsical, fickle & coy,
 Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue,
 Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal joy;
 Confess, O ye Lovers, Is this folly new.

That Ladies are Rakes, & turn Gamesters, that's worse,
 And have nought but Intrigue, and Diversion in view,
 With Loss of their Virtue redeeming their purse,
 Is a nations disgrace, and I wish it were new.

That Frenchmen are Robbers and Bravos in War,
 But, drub'd into Manners, their Insolence rue,
 That they sculk into Holes from the brave English Tar,
 And lower their Topsails, is not at all new.

That the Hero of Prussia victoriously flies,
 From Conquest, to Conquest, o'er thousands with fen,
 That Vienna is faithless to all her Allies,
 Let England proclaim, who has prov'd it not new.

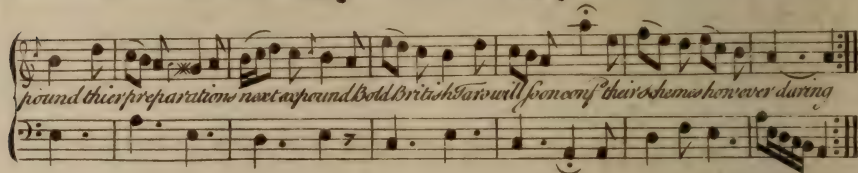
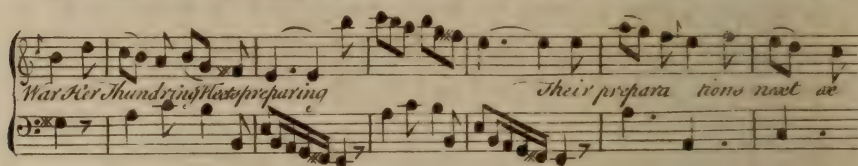
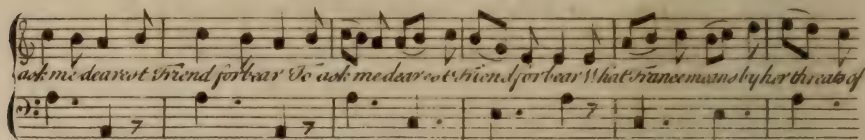
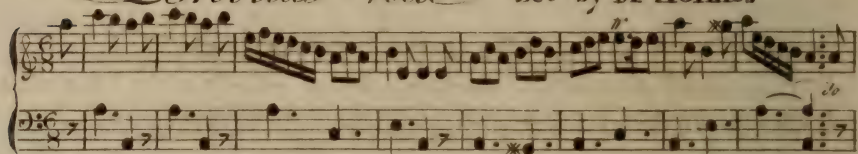
Let Britons unite and be wise as they're brave,
 And bid to Contention & Faction adieu;
 Then Glory shall crown them as Lords of the Wave,
 And their Conquests of old, be surpass'd by the New.



End of 2^d Verse..... Confess confess is this Folly new
 End of 3^d Verse..... I wish I wish I wish it were new
 End of 4th Verse..... A d new not new is not at all new
 End of 5th Verse..... A d new not new who has prov'd it not new
 End of 6th Verse..... surpass'd surpass'd surpass'd by the new



Brevitas Vitæ Set by M^r Holmes



Our blooming Youth with all its lights Let us my Friend in some cool shade
 Its jovial Days & blissful nights For society and Friendship made
 What various Joys attend The fleeting hours improve
 When Time has powdered o'er with snow 'Tis Wine alone dispels our Care
 Our looks what have we more to do The Glass will drink to morrow's fear
 With Father Brother Friend And make us fit for Love.

The flowers that yearly gladly sight Here you Sir Waiter in a Trice
 And Lilies variable Light Fill up the Bowl and here entice
 Will fade & be no more O'er my Heart's Desire
 Then why this anxious care & strife Tell her her Harp she must prepare
 This trouble for so short a life Bid her not stay to braid her Hair
 (What's dying every Hour For I am all Desire).



An Occasional Ode on the Success of our Arms

Hail England! Hail thy Land for Glory renowned! In Arms as in Arts we transcendently abound!

Thine strict to honour no Truities to break! 'tis thine strict to Hon' no Treasies to break! 'tis

Thine to revenge when Honours at Stake! Thine Honor & thy brave draw before sword & lance! And

bid the bold Cannon roll! Thunder to France! & bid the bold Cannon roll! Thunder to France!

Huzza! Oh ye Britons to Conquest pursue! The Trumpet of Victory's uplifted for you!

Hark, Truth, speaks already our Heroes prevail!
The rosy'd English Lyon makes Gallia turn pale!
Thy Cunning, oh France, its own Fate will deerce,
Success, lo, dawns on us by Land & by Sea!
And wide o'er the Main shall the British Flag fly,
To force that Submission which pride would deny. Huzza &c

Britannia rejoices your Ardour to see,
My Sons, fight she cries, tis for Freedom & me
Tho' Gallie's Ambitious Alliance explore
You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd before,
And triumph, these Truths to all Nations shall show,
The Ocean is Georged, & George is your King Huzza &c



Credulity in Love recommended Set by M^r Arnes

Loves a Dream of mighty Treasures
 which in Fancy we possess In the Folly lyes the pleasure Wisdom
 allways makes it less When in Love by Passion hea ted we a Goddess
 have in Chace Like her on we are cheated and an empty Cloud em
 brace

Happy only is the Lover Whom his Mistress well deceives Seeking nothing to discover He contented lives at ease	But y^e Wretch who would be knowing What the Fair one would disguise Only seeks his own undoing Changing happy to be wise
--	---



The Maidens Case Sung by Miss Thomas

At the foot of a hill in a neat lonely Cott to die an old Maid I'm afraid is my lot
 & it a Man but my Father or son in his place think how hard my Condition & pity my
 Case think how hard my Condition & pity my Case

Young Willey the pride of the Plains I adore,
 He's handsome, good humour'd, has Riches in store,
 But, I'm a poor Damsel of Parentage base,
 Think how hard my Condition, & pity my Case.

My Mother once caught us alone in the Dark,
 She shut me and forc'd me away from my spark
 Then talk'd much of Sorrow, of Shame, & Disgrace,
 Think how hard my Condition, and pity my Case.

Pugh a strange Alteration has seiz'd me of late,
 Like a Turtle I morn all the day for my Mate
 At night in my Dreams, his best Image I trace
 Think how hard my Condition & pity my Case.

When e'er I think of him I sigh, and look pale,
 My Mother she asks me what is it I aile,
 My rural companions, all look in my face,
 And in friendly compassion they pity my Case.

O Hymen! be kind, & give ear to my Sighs,
 Restore my young Shepherd once more to my Eyes,
 The dear nuptial moment with you I'll embrace
 And Maidens shall envy, not pity my Case.



Kitty Fisher - Set by M^r. Baker -

Let others in fantas...tic phrase the Mistress
of their fan...cy praise the Mistress of their fancy praise
with Borrow'd Charms the fair adorn such poor As is...tan...
...ces I scorn My theme is Kitty Lovely Kitty My
theme is lovely Kitty Fisher.

Let Sol his light enjoy in peace
The Snows their wonted streams increase
I borrow neither flame nor ray
When thy beauties would display
Of lovely Kitty &c.

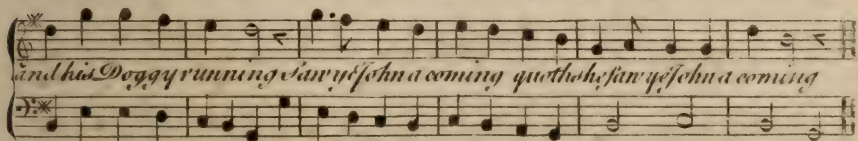
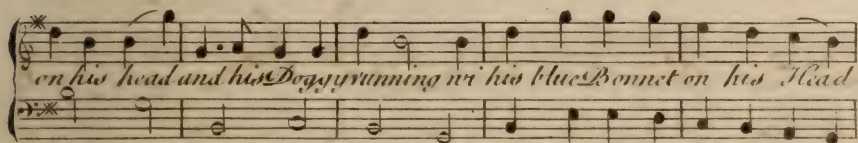
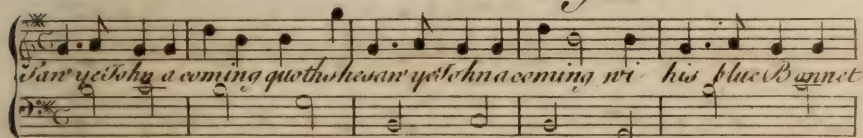
All must her Wit & Sense admire
They give to every breast desire
For Swarms of little loves are hung
On every word that tips the Tongue
Of lovely Kitty.

The Roses bloom upon her Cheek
Less whiter the lilly than her Neck
Her Eyes are brighter than y^e Day
And sweeter y^e breath as now I smell
Of lovely Kitty &c.

Blest is the Man who in her Arms
Possesses her unbounded Charms
I'll envy not Joves bliss divine
But the happy fate be Mine
(To clasp sweet?)



A new Scotch Song



Oh how weel I Loo him quoth she
 Oh how weel I Loo him,
 For he is a bonny Lad,
 An' a weel doing,
 For he is a bonny Lad
 And a weel doing.

Oh! &c

If ye donna see him Fâther,
 If ye donna see him,
 Ise gird my Coat about my waiste
 And Ise gang wi him,
 Ise gird my Coat about my waist
 And Ise gang wi him.

If ye &c

Fee him Fâther, fee him quoth she,	What mun I do wi him quoth he
Fee him Fâther, fee him,	What mun I do wi him,
For a the Work about the House	He's neer a Sark unteel his back,
Gangs forward when I see him,	Nor ha I can to gi him,
For a the work about the House	He's neer a Sark unteel his back,
Gangs forward when I see him,	Nor ha I can to give him,
Fee him &c	What mun &c

He'll muck the Byer thrash ith Barn,
 And Lig wi me at C'en,
 I ha twa Sarkis within my Kest,
 The best o them Ise gi him,
 I ha twa Sarkis within my Kest,
 The best o them Ise gi him
 And I will make his Bed at C'en
 And Lig down wi him,



Hebe a Pastoral Ballad

Moderately Brisk

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go what

anguish I felt at my Heart and I thought but it might not be

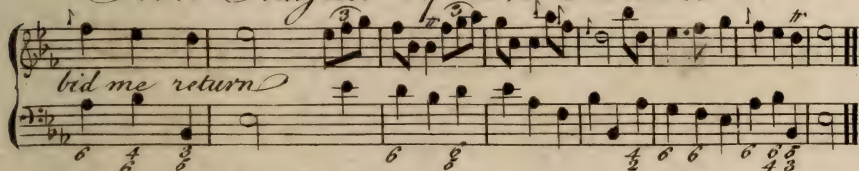
so she was sorry to see me depart she cast such a languishing

view my path I could scarcely discern so sweetly she bid me a

dieu I thought that she bid me return I thought that she



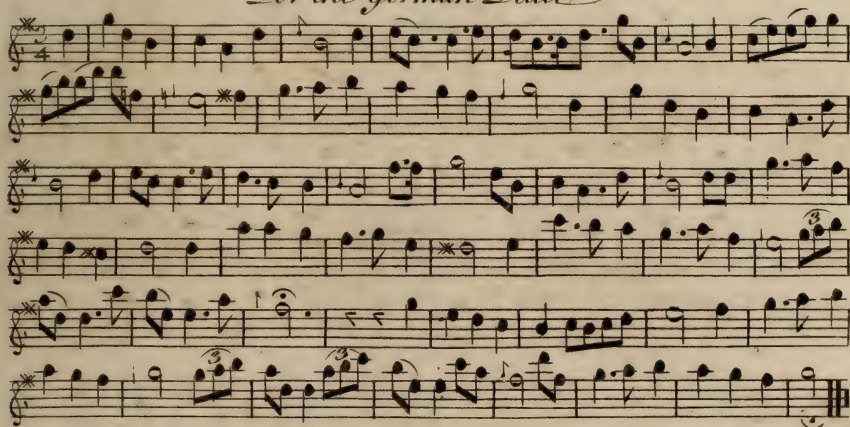
Set to Musick by M^r Arnee Pen^r



*Methinks she might like to retire, To see when my Charmer goes by
To the grove I had labour'd to rear, Some Hermit peep out of his Cell
For what ever I heard her admire, How he thinks on his Youth is a sigh
I haoted and planted it there, How fondly he wishes her well;
Her Voice such a pleasure conveys On him she may smile if she please
So much I her accents adore, It will warm the cool bosom of age
Let her speak & what ever she says, Yet cease, gentle Hebe, Needs
I'm sure still to love her the more Such softness will ruin the sage.*

*And now ere I haste to y^e Plain, I've stole from no Flow'ets y^e grow
Come Shepherds & talk of her way, To paint y^e dear Charms I approve
I could lay down my life for y^e wain, For what can a Blossom bestow
That will sing me a song in her praise, So sweet so delightful as Love,
While he sings may y^e Maids of y^e town I sing in a rustical way,
Come flocking & listen the while, A Shepherd & one of the throng
Nor on him let Hebe once frown, Yet Hebe approves of my Lay
But I cannot allow her to smile, No poets and envy my song.*

For the German Flute





Delia's favourite Song

Soft pleasing pains unknown before my
 beating Bosom feels When I behold the bliss... full
 Bow'r where dearest Delia dwells that way I daily
 drive my flock Ah! hap py hap...py vale There

Set to Music by W^r Arne

look and wish and while I loof my Sighs Increase the
Gale my Sighs increase the Gale

Sometimes at Midnight do I stray Beneath inclement Skies And there my true Devotion pay To Delia's Sleep-wald Eyes So pious Pilgrims nightly roam With tedious Travel faint To kiss alone the Clay cold Tomb Of some lov'd fav'rit Saint.	O tell ye Shades that fold my Fair And all my Bliss contain Whither should ye those blessings share For which I sigh in vain But let me not at Fate repine And thus my Griefs impart She's not your Tenant she is mine Here Mansion is my Heart.
--	---

For the German Flute



Cupid's Refuge

Love when he

saw my Fanny's face & with his passion mov'd forgot the case of human kind, felt at last he

lov'd and felt at last he lov'd then to the goal of soft desire his suit he thus ad-

drest I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast

At I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast O

touch her tender Breast

<i>Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries I lov'd the Maid before, What rival me! the poor replies, Whom Gods and Men adore, He grasp'd it bolt he shook his strings Of his imperial Throne, While Cupid naid his rosey Wings And in a breath was gone.</i>	<i>Yet Earth & Seas the Godhead flew But still no shelter found, For as he fled, his dangers grew, And lightning flash'd around, At last his trembling fears impels His flight to Fanny's Eyes, Where happy was he pleas'd he dwells Nor mends his native Skies.</i>
--	---



Sung by Miss Bricklayer in the Opera of Eliza

When you gave me your garland & call'd me your dear then you saw me your May Lady
 crown'd for the Year I flung it away nor would hear what you said While
 Pan & fair Ceres were banish'd the mead while Pan & fair Ceres were banish'd
 the mead For with them the soft graces the sweet loves are fled and with them all our
 pastimes & pleasures are dead for why little Cupid has broken his bow and
 who the dear blessings of love can bestow and who the dear blessings of
 love can bestow



The Judicious Fair

You tell me I'm handsome I know not how
 true and Easy and Chatty and Good humour'd too and
 Easy and Chatty and Good humour'd too
 That my lips are as red as a
 Rose bud in June and my Voice like the Nightingales



Set by M^r Bryan & Sung by Miss Young

sweetly in tune all this has been told me by twenty be
fore But he that would win me must flat
flatter me more

5 6 6 5 5 5 4 2 6 6 6 5 3

If Beauty from Virtue receive no supply,
Or Prattle from prudence, how wanting am I;
My Ease and Good humour short raptures will bring
And my Voice like the Nightingale's know but a spring
For Charms such as these then your praises give o'er
To Love me for Life you must yet Love me more.

Then talk to me not of a Shape or an Air,
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there;
Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
And brightens Good humour as Sunshine the Day;
For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to Love too.

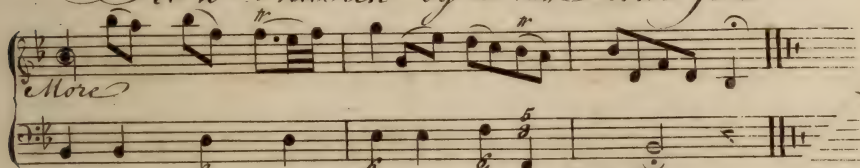


Sally a favourite Song

Sure Sally is the loveliest Lass that
ever gave Shepherd Glee Not May day in its Morning
Dress is half so fair as she Let Poets paint the
Paphian Queen and fancy'd Forms adore Ye Bards had
ye my Sally seen Yed think of those no



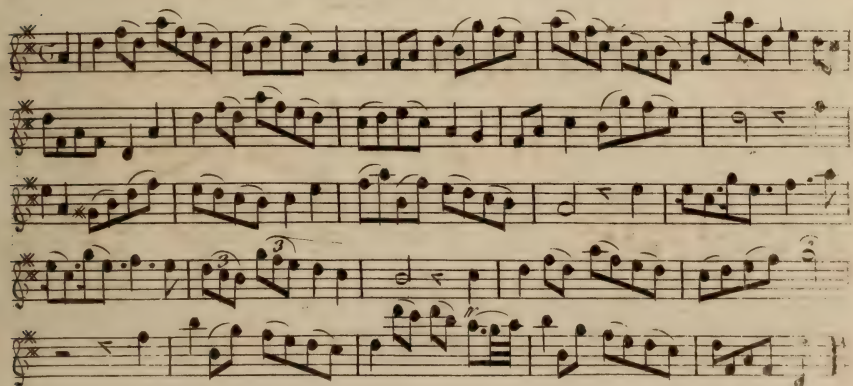
Set to Musick by M^r Arne sen^r



No more ye'd prate of Hybla's bill, But now the gloomy Groves extend
Where Bees their Honey sip, Where Love torn Shepherds set a wail,
Did ye but know, if sweets yd dwell, There to y' Winds my G^od of Spleen
On Sallys Love fraught Lip, And sigh my soul an' wail,
But ah! take heed ye lambs! ye prance no light but ye pair my fancy, wail
The ripe temptation shun, No dawn of Hope I see,
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains, For Sallys pleas'd o't my Complaints
Ye'll be like me undone, And laughs at Love & me.

Once in my Cott secure I slept; Since this my poor neglected Limbs
Then Larklike hail'd the Morn, To late my only Care
More sportive then y' Heds I kept, Have left the pond thier sleeks Dam,
I wand'rd o'er the Lawn, And stray'd I know not where,
To ev'ry Maid Loves Tale I told, Alas! my Curs in vain you beat,
And did my Truth aver, My Lambskins lost adieu,
Yet e'er y' parting Kips was Cold, No more we on y' plain shall meet
I laugh'd at Love & her, For lo! to your Shepherd too.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Disappointment A Pastoral

Ye Shepherds give Ear to my
Lay and take no more heed of my Sheep They have
nothing to do but to stray I have nothing to do but to
weep Yet do not my Folly reprove She was
fair and my passion begun She's mild and I could not but



Set to Music by M^r Arne

love She was faithless and I am undone

The sweets of a dew sprinkled Rose *Use Woods spread your branches apace*
The sound of a murmuring stream *So your deepest recesses I fly*
The peace which from solitude flows *I woud hide with y^e beasts of y^e chase*
Henceforth shall be Coridon's theme *I woud vanish from every Eye*
High Transports are shewn to y^e sight *Yet my Reed shall resound thro' y^e Grove*
But we are not to find them our own *With y^e same sad Complaint it began*
Fate never bestow'd such delight *Now she smild & I could not but love*
As I with my Phillis had known *Was faithless and I am undone*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Vanity of Life

Life how vain esteem'd a blessing worthy
 Mortals hope to share proves to ev'ry man possessing full of sorrow full of care full of sorrow
 full of care What if fortune e'er befriend ye still the
 busy hand prevails Or should adverse fate attend ye ever with it
 Sorrow dwells ever Sorrow with it dwells

See the Beau in Chariot lolling,
 All without a haudy Scene;
 Take him on his pillow rolling,
 Slave to Tyrant Thought within,
 Grant the fawning Courtier favours,
 Give him all his hopes pursue &
 Still you hear him raving ever,
 Still he pines for something new.

Fill the Misers Bags with Treasure
 Spread the Heroes Glory round,
 Fear outweighs the Scale of pleasure
 Envy tramples Honour down,
 Places, Titles, Pomp & Riches,
 Sweets, imbitter'd are by Pains,
 Thus Experience daily teaches,
 Life and all its Joys are vain.



A New Song

To Fanny

Fair I would impart the Cause of all my woe that Beauty which has
won my Heart she scarcely seems to know unskill'd in Arts of Woman kind with
out design she charms How can the sparkling Eye be blind which every
Bosom Warms which every Bosom Warms

She knows her power 'tis all deceit So when I first beheld the Fair,
Her conscious blushing shews, With Raptures I was blest,
That blushing to my Eyes more sweet But when I would approach to near
Than opening budding Rose? At once I lost all Rest,
But the delicious fragrant Rose, Th' enchanting sight y' sweet surprize
That charms the sense so much, Prepar'd me for my Doom,
Upon a Thorny Brier grows, And one cold look from those bright Eyes
And Wounds when e'er you touch Would lay me in my Tomb,
And Wounds ye? Would lay me ye.



Hope A Pastoral

My Banks they are furnish'd with Bees whose
 murmur invites one to sleep My Grottoes are shaded with
 Trees and my hills are white over with Sheep I
 Seldom have met with a Life such health do my Mountains be



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

I've found out a Gift for my Fair,

I've found where the Wood-pigeons breed;

I'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,

He ne'er could be true, she averd

And I lov'd her the more when I heard,

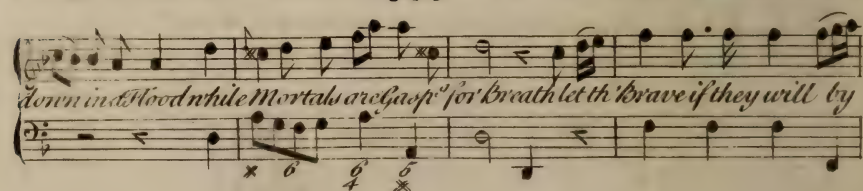
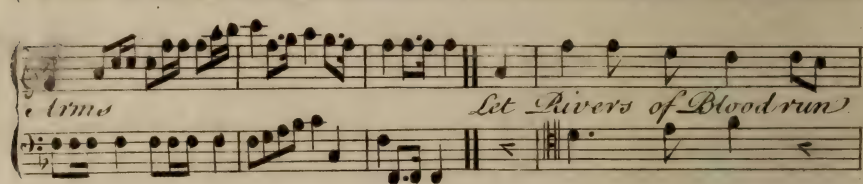
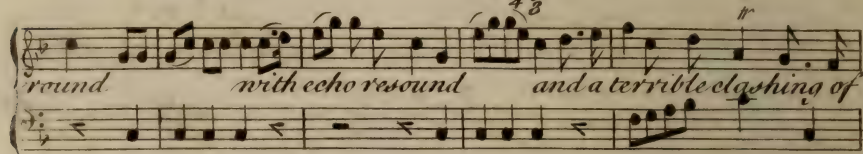
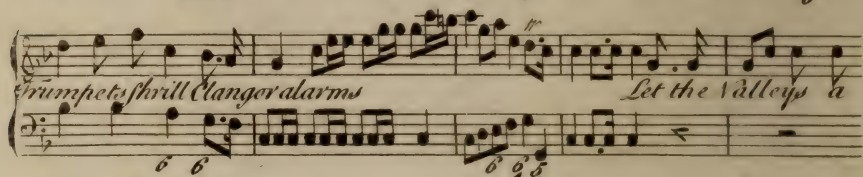
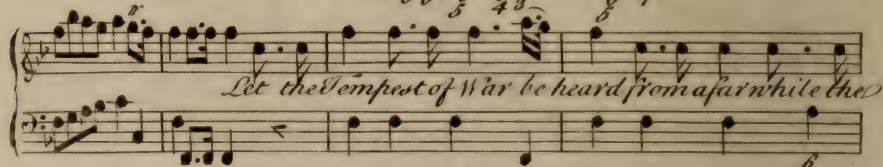
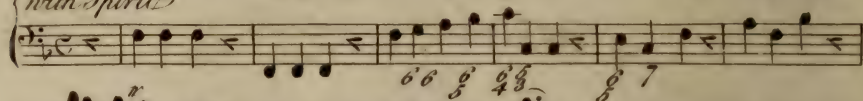
Such Tendernefs fall from her Tongue.

I've found out a Gift for my Fair,
 I've found where the Wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that Murder forbear,
 I'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
 He ne'er could be true, she averd
 Who could rob a poor Bird of its young,
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard,
 Such Tendernefs fall from her Tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray;
 And where are her Grotts and her bowrs
 Are the Groves and the Vallies as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle as ours:
 The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
 The Face of the Vallies as fine,
 The Swains may in Manners compare,
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

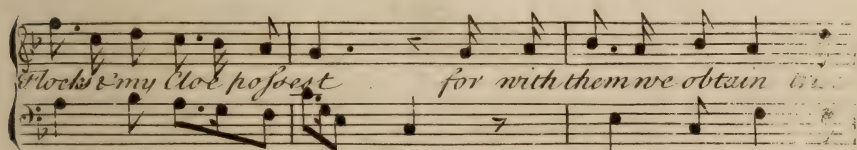
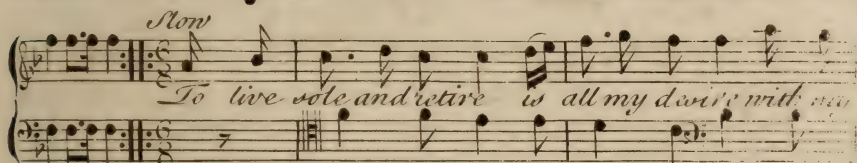
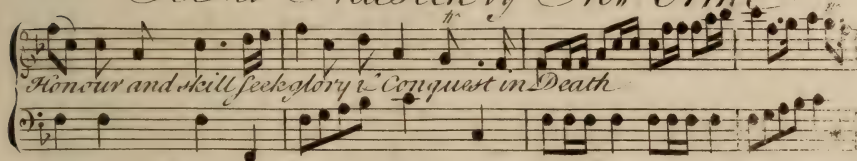


The Tempest of War





Set to Music by M^r Orme



*In a Cottage or Cell where Shepherds do dwell
 In Innocence Freedom Lease
 We lead peaceable Lives who are blest with good Wives
 That study their Husbands to please
 What blessings belon' can Heav'n bestow
 Excelling such quiet as this
 No affliction come here no grief interfere
 To lessen our measure of bliss*



Sollicitude. A Pastoral

Lynderty

Why will you my passion reprove why
term it a folly to grieve Ere I tell you the Charms of my Love she is
fairer than you can believe she is fair er than you can believe With her
Mien she enamours of brave with her Wit she engages the free With her



Recit *The Toast* *Sung by M^r Beard*

When Bacchus jolly God invites to revel in the Evening hours In vain his Altar I for
 round the with burgundian Infense crowns No charms his Wine without the Glass
 tis Love gives relish to the Glass *Air. 6/8* *Allegro*
 While all around with jocund glee in brimmers Toast their fairer
 the ev'ry nymph my Lips proclaim my heart still whispers Chloë's name
 And thus with me by Amorous stealth still ev'ry glass is
 Chloë's Health still ev'ry glass is Chloë's Health



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe in Famerlane

Gently

thee Oh! gentle Sleep a lone is owing all our peace by thee our
 Joys are heighten'd shonn by thee our Sorrows cease

The Nymph whose hand by Fraud or Force	Oh! stay Arpasia bids thee stay
Some Tyrant has possess'd	The sadly weeping Fair
By thee obtaining a Divorce	Conjures thee not to loose in Day
In her own choice is blast	The object of her Care

To Grasp whose pleasing Form she sought
 That motion chas'd her Sleep
 Thus by our Selves are oft nest wrought
 The Griefs for which we weep

For the German Flute

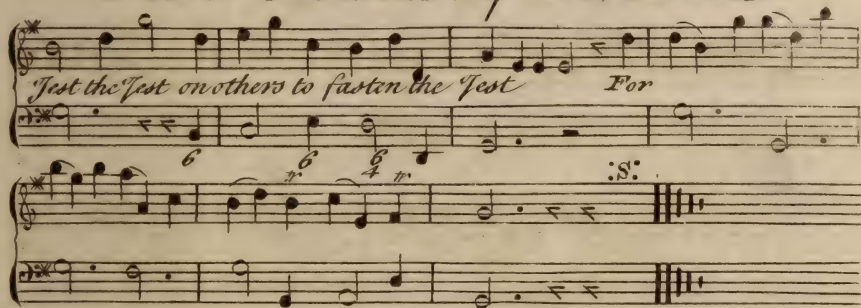


O. Touch on the Times

Come listen and laugh at the Times Since Folly was never so
ripe For ev'ry Man laughs at those Times that gives his own Follies a
We live in a kind of Disguise we flatter we lye and pro
test While each of us cravily tries on others to fasten the



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne



*The Virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry Sigh with disdain,
And while by her Lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his Folly and pain;
But when from her Innocence won,
And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
When she feels herself lost and undone
He laughs at the Fool in his turn.*

*The fools who at Law do contend,
Can laugh at each others distress,
And while the dire Suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their Substance grows less,
Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
Altho' to Compound they are loath,
They'll find when restor'd to their Sense,
The Lawyers sit laughing at both.*

*But while we perceive it the Fashion,
For each Fool to laugh at each other,
Let us strive with a generous Compassion
To Correct not condemn one another;
We all have some Follies to hide,
Which known, woud dishonour the best,
And Life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
Like Friendship, will seem but a jest.*



The kind Inconstant

Tenderly

Why doe still those Jealous heats and
 why that falling Tear the Heart that to a
 thousand beats to one may be sincere to one may be sin
 cere to sweeten Autumns milder Reign Theseul try Summers

4 6 7 5 4 6 6 6 6 4 6 6 6 4 6



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

glows the soul try Summer glows and chilling Dews and beating
 Rain give freshness to the Rose give freshness to the Rose to the
 Rose

6 5 6 7 5 6 4 3 6 5 6 6 4 3 6 5 6 4 3

6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 4 3

O I my Chloe to endear
 To meaner Beauties stray
 And call December to my Year
 To brighten up the May
 To brighten up the May
 Then weep not that my Hearts inclin'd
 To ev'ry Face thats now
 To ev'ry Face thats new
 I wander to return more kind
 And change but to be true
 But to be true.



Damon Sing by Miss Thomas

Lively

Sure Damon

is the blithest swain that ever trod the Lea His honest heart ne'er

gave me pain it ever dwells with me For

When'er I wander is the

For Pia

Grove Hes always in my mind I think on all our

For Pia



Set to Musick by M^r Bryan

former Love Damon the dear the kind Damon the dear the
kind
For

*When Ev'ning comes we two repair
 To some cool, peacefull Shade,
 Where breath in private all our Care,
 And Joy upon the Glade,
 If For my share of happyness
 Kind Heav'n would him bestow,
 With other Blessings, great or less,
 Let all Mankind overflow.*



A Song for three Voices

Britannia show rejoice to George await your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
 Britannia show rejoice to George await your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign

Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing In whose au
 Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing In whose au

spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing
 spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing

Amherst, and Boscauden
 And all their British Men,
 Like Heros shone,
 Thanks be to patriot Pitt,
 Whose penetrating wit,
 And wisdom judg'd it fit,
 To set them on.

Grant thus nobly won,
 That never Cape Breton,
 Again may fall,
 May British Bands protect,
 While British Hearts direct,
 And Gallie Schemes detect,
 God save us all.

AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
TEACHER at his Music and
Drawing Academy, opposite the Queen's Head, London.

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W.P.T.O.S.	<i>D. 3 D.</i>	<i>Simulane 1715</i>
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